The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY.

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COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
COL. J. L. SPANGLER,
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Senate,
HON. P. GRAY MEEK.
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Sheriff,
WILLIAM A. ISHLER.

For Treasurer,
JAMES J. GRAMLEY.

For Assembly,
HON. J. H. HOLT,
JOHN T. McCORMICK.

For Register,
JOHN RUPP.

For Recorder,
W. GALER MORRISON.

For Commissioners,
T. FRANK ADAMS.
G. L. GOODHART.

For Auditors,
J. B. MITCHELL,
SAMUEL KLINE.

The Republican ticket is no go, it is found too heavy at the Rush township end and can't rush ahead worth a pin.

The competent, intelligent farmer is entitled to as much recognition as the professional man. This fact is entirely ignored on the Rush township county ticket.

The Daily News sneers at the Democratic county ticket because it is made up of farmers. Well, that's better than the other ticket which is made up of skinners.

Even the prohibitionists, in framing their county ticket, gave the farmer deserved recognition. The Republican-standard-oil-company-county-ticket, ignores the farmer all thro.

John M. Dale, esq., was made chairman of the Republican county committee. John M. will do his darned best to prevent the Democratic majority in this county from going over 2000.

Georgia farmers have raised 8,000,000 watermelons this year, but they haven't done as much for their country as the Pennsylvania farmers are doing in raising the d—l with Delamater.

At the south precinct delegate election it was a life and death struggle between the Johnny Decker wing and the Jimmy Strohm wing of the Republican party, with the chances at one time in favor of Decker, but Strohm finally came out ahead, and his benefactor was left in the cold for a re-nomination for commissioner.

The tornadoes this year, a scientific writer points out, have been most frequent in the northern part of the United States, and in this connection it is said that there are two well marked regions of maximum frequency of tornadoes—one extending in a broad belt from Central Texas to North Carolina, the other, somewhat wedge-shaped, having for its base a line reaching from North Dakota to Kansas, and its apex in Ohio.

"When the time for the next census comes around there will be no North American Indians to count. There are at present about 25,000 of them, but they have been allotted a certain section of land apiece, and they will shortly disappear as the buffalo have done. Pneumonia and consumption are decimating their ranks more than any other of the diseases introduced to them by the whites.

Congressman Lewis F. Watson, died very suddenly on the morning of the 25, in Washington. He was about to enter his carriage at the Shoreham hotel to drive to the capitol, at about 11 o'clock, when he was suddenly overcome by an attack of heart disease, and died soon after being carried into the hotel. Mr. Watson represented the twenty-seventh Pennsylvania district, and his death makes the third which has taken place in the ranks of the Pennsylvania delegation this season. He was an elderly man and had been in feeble health for some time past.

Passing Away.

The Indian who roamed the forests of our county and state has passed away, and the Pacific slope alone knows him.

But with the once proud aboriginee has also, or is passing away, the majestic pine under which poor Lo roamed, and hunted, and yelled his war whoop. These grand trees remained near a century after the red-man disappeared, but the last twenty years have thinned out these stately monarchs of the forest, until there is scarce a tall pine left in Centre county to show what noble stems our hills and dales were wooded with. Our forests are disappearing—what is left is second class hemlock, with some other species of trees, while the pine and other first-class timber have fallen under the axe of the brawny armed woodman. A large, stately pine, is now a curiosity in Centre county; the insatiable maw of the steam saw mill has fallen upon him for a third of a century with a voracity that knew no fill, until the last tree was served up. Why not let an occasional tree of this kind stand as a monument of what once populated our soil? but it is too late—our forests have about disappeared with the Indian.

The order of business for the remainder of the session, arranged by the republican committee of the senate, provides that consideration of the tariff bill shall be completed without interruption except by appropriation bills and conference reports. Senator Aldrich, in charge of the tariff bill, will before the senate meets to morrow, endeavor to reach an agreent with the democratic senators as to the date on which voting shall begin on the bill and amendments. If successful, he will then ask unanimous consent to have the voting begin on the date agreed upon. He will also ask that the debate during the last three days shall be conducted under the five minute rule. The democrats desire that the six hours next preceding the final vote on the bill shall be occupied in general debate to be equally divided between the two sides. Under this arrangement, if it is carried out, Carlisle will close for the democrats and Aldrich for the republicans. The programme for the week's proceedings in the house has already been agreed upon by that body, as to a part of the time, and the time rules committee will probably provide for the disposition of the remainder.

Why was the farming element ignored in the formation of the Rush township county ticket? Not a sop was offered the farming class in the way of a nomination. Never before, in the history of this county, was the farmer so glaringly ignored as in the Rush township Republican county ticket. Is the farmer entitled to no respect? is he to be looked down upon as an animal to be preyed upon by oppression, high-tariff taxes and a nonentity in the body politic? This is the meaning of the Rush township Republican county ticket.

Take the Democratic county ticket—see how largely and freely it has honored and recognized the farmer by according to him every place of importance. There is an abundance of farmers just as competent to fill public positions as can be found in any other class, yet, true to its tradition, the Republican party ignores the agriculturist.

They bribe men not to vote in Chattanooga, Tenn., instead of bribing them to vote a particular ticket, as at the blocks-of-five stands in Indiana and New York. The Tennessee law requires a man to be registered and to secure a certificate giving him the right to vote which he must present at the polls before he can cast his ballot. "Negroes," says the *Observer*, a newspaper edited and published by colored men, "sold their election certificates by wholesale. This accounts for the light vote. The depraved rascals sold their rights for a glass of beer, 50 cents or $1. We stood in the Fifth district at Ridgedale and saw a club of thirty colored men who in a body sold their votes for $150. This was the experience in other places." The colored editor is filled with just indignation and declares that "the whole brood should be disfranchised."

We see from the Harrisburg Patriot that Democratic day at the Williamsgrove picnic was not recognized either by Pattison, the state committee or the Democratic organization of Cumberland county for the reason that "Democratic day" was fixed for the poorest day of the gathering—yet Pattison is the favorite of the farmer element. Delemater's day, Thursday, is the best day of the show. This looks as if there was some playing into the hands of the Republicans.

Let the Centre county committee for the grange picnic put its foot down on the head of the concern, and not allow personal and political spite to be carried out—for fear the picnic cause suffer by it. It seems that the vilest Republican sheet is a great favorite with the head of our picnic, and that the Democratic papers are ignored.

CHURCH QUARREL.

The Mob takes charge of a Church and Theatens to Throw the Clergyman out.

A church quarrel at Howard caused by an attempt of the Disciple church to reinstate an elder in opposition to the other officials of the congregation, is causing intense excitement among the members of the church and has led to the arrest of a clergyman.

The history of the trouble dates back to 1842, when Elder Nathan J. Mitchell withdrew from the congregation. This action was caused by a financial difficulty he had with another member named Lucas. Soon afterward Lucas, who claimed his son had been abused by another elder of the church, also withdrew from the Howard congregation and united with another of the same denomination at Eagleville. During all this time matters were kept in a ferment by gossips of the neighborhood. Finally Lucas who is a wealthy man, became dissatisfied at Eagleville and asked for readmission at Howard. This was refused except on conditions which were distasteful to Lucas.

A few years afterward Rev. W. L. Hayden, of Bellefonte, formerly of Washington, Pa., attempted to heal the old sore. He, however, was at first of the same mind as the elders, and stated that Lucas should not be admitted on his own terms. Rev. Hayden spent a great deal of his time at the Lucas mansion. and as the result of this, it is asserted, he changed his mind with regard to the elder's sin and recommended that he should be received into the fold on his own terms. The other officials refused to do this, and the fight became more bitter than ever.

A meeting of the church council, composed of ministers from Williamsport, Lock Haven, Beech Creek and other places, was held and Hayden's policy sustained. The elders were censured for their obstinacy and a new church organization effected. Orrin L. Noble, an alderman of Lock Haven, was appointed to make known the decision of the church council, and at a Sunday service a few weeks ago he attempted to do so.

When the congregation gathered there came to the church, by request of the elders, who anticipated trouble, a constable and two deputies. Everything went along with Christian-like meekness and simplicity until the service for the day was about ended, when Alderman Noble arose and said he had a paper he wanted to read. He was at once told to sit down. This he refused to do and commenced to read the paper. The congregation commenced to sing. The result was Alderman Noble was "sung down." Three times he essayed to read his paper, and three times he was sung down.

The thing was now getting monotonous and at the fourth attempt Noble was ordered to keep quiet. A wordy war followed and language the reverse of polite was used. Noble again attempted to read his paper, when the elders called in the assistance of the constable, and between that official and one of his deputies Noble was led out of the church and the door locked.

This victory on the part of the elders greatly angered the opposition and a council was called to meet at Mt. Eagle for the purpose of deposing Elder Headly from the pastorate of that church. The congregation was notified and when the council, composed of about half a dozen ministers, reached the church they found it locked and no key to be found. Nothing daunted, they entered window and then broke open the door. They had just begun an executive session, when a crowd of about thirty men and boys entered the edifice and demanded an unconditional surrender and immediate retreat of the council. This the clergymen at first flatly refused to do. They were told that unless they departed at once they would be taken up bodily and pitched head first through the window. Sooner than go out of the church in this undignified manner the clergy withdrew, and the boys set up a yell of "Rotten egg 'em!" Rotten egg 'em!" The council repaired to the school house, and the result of that meeting has not yet been made public.

The Mt. Eagle defeat in addition to that at Howard, caused Hayden to determine to act himself and on Sunday August 10 accompanied by sheriff Cooke, of Bellefonte, he came to Howard and entered the church at the regular hour of service. Before the opening of service Rev. Hayden attempted to read a paper He was ordered to stop and also was sung down after which the elders ordered Rev Headly to proceed with his sermon. At the conclusion of the service, and just before the benediction was pronounced, Rev. Hayden again attempted to read his paper. Pandemonium followed and "You're a liar," "You're no gentleman," and such terms were flung back and forth. Finally Rev. Hayden appealed to Sheriff Cooke to read the paper. The sheriff took the paper, looked at it, but handed it back with the remark that as it was not addressed to him, he could not legally read it Hayden again attempted to read it, when the elders commanded the sheriff to remove him.

He was taken out at one door, but went around the church and entered a side door, and determined not to be outdone, again attempted to read his paper. The elders requested the congregation to sing, and continue singing for a little while, and one man was dispatched to a justice of the peace for a warrant. On his return the legal document was placed in the hands of the constable, who placed the reverned gentleman under arrest for disturbing a religious meeting. The constable and the minister proceeded to the 'squire's office where bail was given for the latter's appearance at court. In the meantime the service was concluded and all had gone home.

And so the matter rests. The Bellefonte congregation has notified Rev. Hayden that his salary will not be paid after October 1. He flatly refuses to leave and says his coming trial will completely vidicate him and establish him in the right. The elders are equally confident of sustaining their position and 'making it hot" for the preacher.—*Williamsport Sun.*

An incident which occurred at Aldershot, England, lately, bears out the statement of one of the doctors at Kemmler's execution, that he could have resuscitated that criminal after the first application of the current.

Some soldiers, who had been watching a game of cricket, took shelter from a storm under a tree. The tree was struck by lightning, and the six men under it were apparently killed.

Surgeon Frank, of the medical staff, was immediatly on the spot, and after untiring efforts at resuscitation successfully restored five of the six men who had been struck.

It was stated at the inquest over the single victim that but for the persistent efforts of Surgeon Frank to restore respiration none of the men would have been saved.

This instance of the efficacy of artificial respiration in restoring animation in persons struck by lightning, should be widely circulated, that no effort my be spared to revive persons unfortunate enough to receive a shock of electicity sufficient to kill them, apparently.

The 500 or 800 people who live in Eastern Arapahoe county, Colo., near the Kansas line, are in a state bordering on starvation. A committee representing the settlers is in Denver to-day seeking aid of the county commissioners. Crops are an absolute failure this year, and as the country is new, the first settlement having been made only three years ago the people have no resources, and they find winter approaching without any prospect of pulling through it alive without assistance. The people are now barely subsisting and it is the experience of cattle men who occupid the county with their herds previous to the farmers coming in there that no country is more rigorous than this section of the plains.

Already hundreds of families have come to Colorado from Western Kansas where they report that the corn, wheat and oats still remain in the ground, or have been eaten by birds, There was not enough moisture in the ground to sprout it until fall rains set in a week or two ago. At Colorado Spring quite a number of Kansas families are living in tents. All seem to be thriving and in good health, having secured work since their arrival.

Passengers on the steamer Arafo confirm the report that Mount Bogoslov, Alaska, is in a state of eruption. The steamer left Ounalaska July 3, and at that time large volumes of steam and smoke cloud was seen issuing from the volcano, while at night a pillar of fire, thousands of feet in height, was discernible for miles. Bogolsov has been in a state of active eruption ever since. The sight is a grand one, and mariners hope the activity will continue, as it serves as a light-house in guiding vessels through Ounamak Pass.

The infamous federal election bill—known as the force bill—has been postponed. The Republican conspirators in congress heard the mutterings of the people, and have consented that the bill to perpetuate their power by force, shall be shelved. Quay and a few others stood by the Democrats in this postponement.

This is what ex-senator Emery says regarding his charges aginst Delamater:

"I have the proofs in my possession for the charges I have made, and will give them to the public in the future. Mr. Delamater's long-continued silence, followed by a simple denial of the facts set forth in my charges, have excited much interest in the matter, but I am fully prepared to prove every word that I have uttered in connection with his political record."

During the debate on the compound lard bill yesterday in the house Representative Mason of Chicago, a Republican who led the fight against the bill, took occasion to comb down Ben Butterworth, who had made a vigorous speech in its favor. "I remember," said the Chicago statesman, "a few months ago Mr. Butterworth pulled the eternal daylights out of the McKinley bill. The Democrats applauded the little Napoleon (McKinley) turned pale and the magnificent speaker (pointing at Reed) looked like a pagan giant in despair, but when the bell rang the gentleman from Ohio walked up to the trough ate his dish of crow and voted for the tariff bill. I am glad he favored this bill in a speech, for I feel certain from his record he will vote against it." The Democrats really enjoyed the reference to Butterworth's cowardice on the McKinley bill and many Republicans joined in the applause.

The arrangement agreed upon for closing the debate on the tariff bill was submitted to the senate yesterday. Senator Plumb surprised his colleagues by objecting on the ground it did not give sufficient time to discuss reciprocity, or what should be done in restraint of trusts or the possible bankruptcy of the treasury. Under this objection the arrangement went over until to-day. The plan agreed to by both parties continues the general discussion up to and including September 3; then there is to be a five-minute debate for three days; then the amendments are to be voted on without debate, and after three hours allowed to each side for general debate the final vote will be taken on the passage of the. This will probably be about the 8th of September.

This week's New England *Homestead* says: Apples will be scarce and more costly this season than for many years. There is but a half crop of winter fruit in the famous Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, and a still greater reduction in the apple belt of Southern and Western Ontario and Michigan along the lakes.

In Maine and limited sections of Vermont and New Hampshire there is a fair yield of apples, being the best in Maine. Throughout southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania New Jersey and the interior states generally the promise of the winter fruit is worse than ever before known.

The apple belt of western New York, along Lakes Ontario and Erie, which in good season ships much more than one million barrels to New York or foreign markets, has almost no crop whatever this year.

The Washington *Democrat* says that Hon. J. B. Clark, who raises about the finest wool in Western Pennsylvania, has just shipped his clip to Utica Mills at Utica, N. Y., where he received 40 cents per pound for it. During Cleveland's administration he got 45 and 50 cents per pound, while previous to the war, before the high tariff times, Mr. Clark got 70 and 75 cents for the same grade of wool. When he was selling his wool at this rate the duty was only 24 per cent on the higher grades of wool and the coarse qualities were admitted duty free. And at that time there were upward of 900,000 more sheep in Pennsylvania than there are to-day. With the high tariff wool growing has fallen off one-half in the State and prices of fine wool have declined.

The steamer Oceanic, from China and Japan, which arrived Friday brings alarming tidings concerning the spread of the cholera scourge in the Orient. According to her advices, the epidemic thus far has caused the death of nearly 4,000 persons. One great impediment to checking the disease is the carelessness of the authorities, who, in their effort to control the epidemic in cities, have allowed it to spread in the interior. Nagasaki, Japan, is a hotbed of the epidemic, but Yokohama, Tokio, Shanghai, Kobe and innumerable smaller towns have suffered severely.

A Washington Dispatch to New York Herald: I have the highest authority for saying that President Harrison has openly arrayed himself against Senators Quay and his followers in their attempt to defeat consideration in the Senate of the Federal Election bill. Henceforth opponents of its consideration must be classed as anti-administration Republicans. A political contest as bitter as the one begun in President Johnson's time against his opponents in the Senate in 1866 is certainly developing, and in a few days open revolt against the administration or unconditional surrender will be the result.

If you want a cheap paper for the campaign, send 20 cents for REPORTER. Any one sending five names and the cash will get an extra copy free during the campaign.

Senator Carlisle's Speech.

Senator John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, made a speech on the McKinley bill on the floor of the senate a few days ago, which the most able and eloquent advocates of the protective system could no more answer than they could take a trip to the moon. He showed very plainly that the workingmen of this country have not the tariff to thank for the wages they receive, and at the same time knocked the props from under the argument that free trade or lower rates of duty would equalize the standard of wages in this and other countries.

Probably the most telling blow the able senator from Kentucky dealt his republican hearers was when he referred to the fact that the farmers of the constitution of the United States, more than 100 years ago, wisely provided for absolute free trade between all the states that then composed or should thereafter compose the American Union. That Union consists now of 44 great states inhabited by 64,000,000 or 65,000,000 of industrious and enterprising people engaged in every occupation to which the human hand can be put or machinery can be applied. The trade between these states is larger by thousands of millions of dollars than could ever exist between this and all the other countries of the world if we had absolute free trade.

Mr. Carlisle pointed out that the interchanges of commerce are made between the forty-four states with absolute freedom. The products of Ohio, said he, go into Pennsylvania and New York, and are sold without any duty or any obstruction whatever. The products of Pennsylvania and New York go into Ohio and Kentucky and Missouri, and are sold without any duties whatever; and yet this absolute free trade between forty-four states and 65,000,000 industrious people has not equalized the rate of wages in this country.

We do not wonder that the republican senators sat in their seats like so many wooden men after Carlisle had finished his able and logical discourse. Not one of them could show that the ground taken in his argument was untenable and it is fair to accept their silence as an admission that what he said was true. It must be humiliating to those who favor a monopolistic tariff to hear their pet policy justly and logically assailed without being able to make satisfactory reply.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued durng the past week at the register's office in Bellefonte:

Charles Wagoner, of Harrisburg, Pa. and Annie B. Sones, of Harris township.

C. S. Whitmer and Sallie Lutz, both of Benner township.

Ira N. From and Annie Dunkle, both of Bellefonte.

Speer G. Burrell, of Penn Hall, and Susan R. Horner, of Spring Mills, Pa.

Frank Downing and Carrie Rote, both of Bellefonte.

Great War Library.

Wanted educated and energetic men to take orders for the "Great War Library," complete in ten volumes and sold on easy monthly payments. Contains the works of general Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Crawford, McClellan and custer. Good men easily earn sixty dollars weekly. The grandest thing in recent years. Address Chas. L Webster & Co., 3 East 14th St., New York.

Wanted.

Energetic ladies and gentlemen to sell Mark Twain's new and remarkable book "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Sold by subscription only. 300 striking illustrations by Dan Beard. One agent sold 35 books in five days; another sold 31 in three days another took 25 orders in making 30 calls. 30,000 already sold. Choice territory still unoccupied. Address C. L. Webster & Co., 3 East 14th Street, N. Y

Don't Stand that Pain.

It don't do to neglect nature's warning, aches through the system cause Rheumatism, Neuralgia Backache and Pain in the Side; a prompt and safe remedy is required, Red Flag Oil, the Famous Pain Cure, fills the bill, Price 35 cents.

Are you consumptive, or do you suffer with a Cough or Cold? If so, use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

A Wonder.

It is really wonderful, how many individuals permit themselves to be hood-winked by quack medicines and compounds of all kinds. A sure cure for nearly all diseases that flesh is heir to, are the often spoken words on each bottle of this trash. Doctors of repute who have spent their days, and nights too in their studies to learn if possible any new thing to prolong life, and to make life more enjoyable, have no hesitancy in recommending Klein's Silver Age Rye. Mr. Klein does not claim that it cures all ailments; but it is considered by all who know the goods; that it is a fine stimulent; that it is used in City Hospitals; that Physicians recommend it; nay prescribe it, and that it strengthens the weak. It is also admitted by all who know Mr. Max Klein that his many years in business have fitted him not only to deal fairly with the world, but made him the leader of his line in our state. His Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies, 6 full quarts, old and pure at five dollors are the wonders of the day. His wines, gins, brandies and in fact anything in the liquor line can not be excelled, as to price or quality send for his complete price list and catalogue and convince yourself. His P. O. address Max Klein 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Farming a Gospel Type." (Preached Before the American Farmers' Encampment at Mount Gretna, Penn.)

TEXT: *Elisha, the son of Shayhat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth.*—I Kings, xix., 19.

Farmers of America! Accept my salutation. Our text puts us down into the plow's furrow, where many of us have been before. My boyhood passed on a farm and my father a farmer, your style of life is familiar to me. One of my earliest recollections is that of my father coming in from the hot harvest field, exhausted, the perspiration streaming from his forehead and chin, and fainting on the doorsill, and my mother resuscitating him, until seeing the alarm of the household he said: "Don't be frightened. I got a little tired and the sun was hot, but I am all right now." And I remember mother seated at the table, often saying, "Well, I am too tired to eat!" The fact is that I do not think the old folks got thoroughly rested until they lay down in the graveyard back of Somerville to take the last sleep.

Office seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? No class of people in this country have it harder than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter's grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out into the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace; but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet their interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. And my hope is that this great National Farmers' Encampment may do something toward lifting the burdens of the agriculturist. Yes, we were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side of the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you see the full blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not culturing a ten acre lot; for in my text you find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultured, ever after to be his own possession.

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says: "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Senacherib, "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life or in the hour of his death he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of trouble in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, made use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soil. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep and then complained that he had not found the money, but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling clevises. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—plow deep! plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that would kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sin long ago intombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the cross!

Again I remark, in grace as in the field there must be a sowing. In the autumn weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snow of worldliness may come upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellebore, oats and henbane.

The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingarians. Their religion is a system of negations. You say to one of them: "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of cyphers. Believe something and teach it; or, to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed.

A minister in New York preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quarreling. He was sowing nettles. A minister in Boston advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and unorganized forces. What was he sowing? The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free Governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium after a while. All from the Gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent or Sabbath-school teacher, or city missionary, or other Christian worker speaks for Christ comes up. Yes, it comes up with compound interest—you saving one soul, that one saving ten, the ten a hundred, the hundred a thousand, the thousand ten thousand, the ten thousand one hundred thousand—on, on forever.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but the harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. There are new kinds of harrow, but the harrow as I remember it was made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the under side of each bar was furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses were hitched to it it went tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it sprung up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the Gospel truth into your heart. There were truths that you heard thirty years ago that have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it never had been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man here has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning, with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! reap!

Again I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as a farmer beats the wheat out of the straw so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sickbed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand and a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no. The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders; "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said: Those last words were beautifully poetic: 'De r Lord, give me sleep.'"

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath
That the reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family—that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried: "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended—their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked and the horses made a struggle and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated floor of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed and forkful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting into heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming in the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

The Edible Banana.

The edible banana, it is said, is known to seed only in one small spot on earth, the Andaman Islands. However this may be, it is universally grown from suckers. Its cultivation in the West Indies has vastly increased during the past fifteen years, owing to the demands of the United States for its cheap, wholesome and luscious fruit. About 400 or 500 are planted to the acre, and the plantations are called "banana walks." The tree fruits the first year, explains *Garden and Forest*, and the expense of cultivation is so small that a bunch of bananas delivered at the sea coast need have cost its owner no more than four or five cents, while it may be sold in the winter months for from twelve to eighteen cents, and in the spring months for four times as much. There are risks attending banana cultivation, however, for the thievish negroes often seriously decrease the value of the crop, and it may be entirely swept away in a single hour by a hurricane.

A Natural Bridge Higher Than "Old Snspension."

Natural Bridge, on Pine Creek, in the northern part of Gila County, Arizona, spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiselled by the skilful hand of a stonemason. The arch on the top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1000 feet in length across the canyon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the centre of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—*New York Journal.*

Dynamite Blast Photographed.

A daring feat in photography was performed last week by Dr. George H. Bailey, of Boston. He succeeded in getting a fine negative of a blast of a ledge near Savin Hill, one of the largest on record, in which 250 pounds of dynamite were used. He did it at the risk of being crushed by some huge rock, and moved himself and camera out of the way just as a boulder several tons in weight was about to land dangerously near him. The picture was taken just as the dust and stones had reached their highest elevation, and is as interesting as it is rare.—*Springfield Republican*

Bird Notes.

M. A. C.

We have some trees, and were on the ground before any other people came near us; the birds finding we were friends, have come and made their home s here too. I am not going to try the long, hard names you can find in study-books, but will tell we have robins, blue-birds, thrushes, little chippies, the red-headed woodpecker, besides the yellow-winged and the black and white woodpecker; the blue jay, black birds of different kinds a red bird with black wings and tail, a kind of oriole, black and dark yellowish red, a bright yellow bird with black wings and a red-orange with black wings and tail, besides little creatures of a greenish yellow color, and the humming bird. We have also seen a few wrens, and others. This is in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

One summer, the little, graceful chippies came to the lilac-bush with their first straw or hair for a nest, and as the bush was in a corner, where we could see every move from the pantry window on one side, or sitting-room window on another side, it was a most interesting and instructive study to watch them until the house-keeping was all done, and the birdies ready to fly. Their eggs are small and white, speckled with brown.

It was but a few days before the nest was perfect and the first egg put into it; then put a short time when four eggs were there, and the hatching began. In three weeks the first little bird came; then another, and another, until all were out. Then, came anxiety and care, which all mothers will understand. Such a flying back and forth with food. Generally a light green, fat worm was put into wide open mouths, which then would close for a short time and quiet would follow; but in a few minutes all would be astir again and one or the other of the old birds would be on hand to do the house-cleaning. First they would lift up the babies with their bills, and pick out and carry away everything that littered the bottom of the nest. What they carried off looked like toasted cheese; and when all was made tidy, the feeding began again.

So they grew and thrived by careful watching day and night; but there were boys around with slings, and cats with green eyes and terrible claws; besides ourselves, who would not injure them intentionally; so they were many times made afraid. When the wee little things began to peep, and filled the nest too full for holding them, it was with perfectly resigned and happy looks that the father and mother took their stations on twigs above the nest, and with heads lifted skyward, thanked God for such happiness as parents only know. One time, when they were trying to fly, we helped, just a little, by raising one up with a finger, when away another flew to a tree several yards off, and the others got into all manner of trouble in the grass below, while the parents tried in all ways to get them back into the nest again. As soon as we had helped them into it, out they came again. Finally we put them all into a large glass jar, and then there was fun to see them try to get out for their worms, which they could see outside but not get, while the old birds tried to coax them out. One by one they got out, and after much peeping they left the clean nest to us, but we were quite sure they visited it and us many times afterward.

The next summer came the blue birds and built their home in the hollow of an old tree, which the peckers had dug out before. The nest was nicely hidden from the boys who prowl around for them, but still they had many anxious hours. We saw the first straw for this also, The eggs were a blue-green color and a little larger than the chippies' eggs. Here was united, hard labor again; first, when the nest-making was going on, and then when the hungry, wide, yellow mouths pointed up for food. In their funny, naked bodies, one could see the digestion going on; they seemed all stomach and mouth, with a tuft or two of hair-feathers. They grew fast, however, and something more like soul soon took form.

We left home one day, but had noticed before going a peculiar watchful appearance in the father and mother bird; the father had his feathers hugged close to his body and stood almost on the tip of his tail; the mother had a care-worn look, and was near him on the shed-roof, fluttering strangely and often visiting the tree where the nest was. We thought they were all going, and we did not find any when we returned; but they all came around next morning. One egg, we think, had fallen out of the nest and been broken, so there were but three great-eyed little ones that lighted on the ground under the kitchen window, waiting to be fed by their parents. Then, as they stayed for a nap, one of us sketched them, and afterwards painted them in water colors, and it is quite a pretty picture; certainly, true to life, and is called, "Waiting for Breakfast."—*Unity.*

Worn Out Shoes Have Their Uses.

Worn out shoes have their uses, says the New York *Tribune*.

The Italian scavenger who rakes up your ash-barrel and sends the dust flying over your door-step knows this well, and his black eyes glisten at the sight of old leather. If the shoes are not worn to shreds, he sells them to a second-hand dealer and they are patched up and resoled; but if they are past mending, he takes them home to his cellar and rips them all apart, or his wife and children do. The pieces he sells to a manufacturer. From the larger pieces after being soaked till soft, the uppers of children's shoes are cut. The soles are cut into small pieces to make up the layers of the heels of other shoes, the iron pegs that are not bent, can be used over again, and the little scraps that are left after all this are subjected to a treatment that makes them all one pliable mass from which a kind of artistic leather is rolled out. This is used for covering chairs, books, trunks, boxes, etc. Many fancy patterns are stamped on it, and the trade in this kind of "embossed" leather in the United States is a well established one.

BOBBY—"How did you manage to get the bowl of cream?" Tommy—"Told ma I saw the cat put her nose in it."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1890.

Entering the Kingdom.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 18 : 15-30. Memory verses: 15-17.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7 : 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Encouraging the Lowly Disciple.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Child-like Approach Commended, vs. 15-17.
2. Worldly - Mindedness Condemned, vs. 18-25.
3. Complete Surrender Rewarded, vs. 26-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.* Luke—18 : 17.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 18: 15-30. Entering the kingdom.
T.—Matt, 19: 13-30. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Mark 10: 13-31. Mark's parallel narrative.
T.—Matt. 18: 1-14. Little ones of the kingdom.
F.—1 John 2: 15-29. Love of the world.
S.—1 Tim. 6: 1-21. Perils of wealth.
S.—Luke 9: 57-62. Entireness of surrender.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. CHILD-LIKE APPROACH COMMENDED.

I. Children Brought:
They brought unto him also their babes (15).
As long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord (1 Sam. 1: 28).
Then were there brought unto him little children (Matt. 19: 13).
They brought him....to present him to the Lord (Luke 2: 22).
From a babe thou hast known the sacred writings (2 Tim. 3: 15).

II. Children Welcomed:
Suffer the little children to come, ...forbid them not (16).
He called to him a little child; and set him in the midst (Matt. 18: 2).
Forbid them no', to come unto me (Matt. 19: 14).
He took them in his arms, and blessed them (Mark 10: 16).
Nurture them in the....admonition of the Lord (Eph. 6: 4).

III. Child-likeness Commended:
Not receive....as a little child,....in no wise enter (17).
I have stilled....my soul; like a weaned child (Psa. 131: 2).
Except ye....become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter (Matt. 18: 3).
In malice be ye babes (1 Cor. 14: 20).
As newborn babes, long for the spiritual milk (1 Pet. 2: 2).

1. "They brought unto him also their babes." (1) Infantile need; (2) Parental desire; (3) Divine sufficiency.—(1) Mothers: (2) Babes; (3) Jesus.
2. "Suffer the little children to come unto me." (1) Need; (2) Supply; (3) Access.—(1) The little children; (2) The loving Lord; (3) The tender permission.
3. "Whosoever shall not receive,.... shall in no wise enter." (1) The desired entrance; (2) The essential condition.—(1) The heavenly kingdom; (2) The lowly door.

II. WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS CONDEMNED.

I. Eternal Life Sought:
What shall I do to inherit eternal life? (18).
What....shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (Matt. 19: 16).
What then must we do? (Luke 3: 10).
I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest (Luke 9: 57).
Sirs, what must I do to be saved? (Acts 16: 30).

II. Worldly Wealth Preferred:
He became exceeding sorrowful; for he was very rich (23).
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon (Psa. 62: 10).
Riches certainly make themselves wings (Prov. 23: 5).
He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished (Prov. 28: 20).
Demas forsook me, having loved this present world (2 Tim. 4: 10).

III. Eternal Salvation Jeopardized:
How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom (24).
Will thy riches suffice, that thou be not in distress? (Job. 36: 19).
There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing (Prov. 13: 7).
Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also (Matt. 6: 21).
The deceitfulness of riches, choke the word (Matt. 13: 22).

1. "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" (1) An anxious inquirer; (2) A momentous inquiry; (3) A competent Instructor.—(1) Humanity's greatest question; (2) Humanity's grandest Instructor.
2. "One thing thou lackest yet." (1) His heavenly goal; (2) His large preparation; (3) His fatal lack.—(1) A single deficiency; (2) A fatal deficiency.
3. "He became exceeding sorrowful." (1) Longing for eternal life; (2) Clinging to worldly wealth; (3) Wavering in indecision.

III. COMPLETE SURRENDER REWARDED.

I. Surrender Possible:
Things which are impossible with men are possible with God (27).
Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Gen. 18: 14).
God is . a very present help in trouble (Psa. 46: 1).
My grace is sufficient for thee (2 Cor. 12: 9).
Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might (Eph. 6: 10).

II. Surrender Actual:
Lo, we have left our own, and followed thee (28).
Lo, we have left all, and followed thee Matt. 19: 27).
I hold not my life of any account (Acts 20: 24).
I am ready....to die....for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 21: 13).
I can do all things in him (Phil. 4: 13).

III. Surrender Rewarded:
Manifold more in this time, and.... eternal life (30).
The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before (Job. 42: 10).
Sell,....distribute,....and thou shalt have treasure in heaven (Luke 18: 22).
There is laid up for me the crown (2 Tim. 4: 8).
I will give thee the crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

1. "Then who can be saved?" (1) A desirable end; (2) A difficult way.—Salvation (1) Impossible with men; (2) Possible with God.
2. "Lo, we have left our own and followed thee." (1) Leaving worldly things; (2) Pursuing spiritual things. —(1) Self-renounced; (2) Christ accepted.
3. "Manifold more in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." (1) Earthly rewards; (2) Heavenly rewards. —(1) Manifold increase here; (2) Eternal blessedness hereafter.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

Not of this world (John 18: 36).
Saints its subjects (Col. 1: 13).
Entered in lowliness (Matt. 18: 3, 4: Luke 18: 16, 17).
Founded in righteousness (Psa. 45: 6, 7; Heb. 1: 8, 9).
Everlasting (Dan. 2: 4s; 7: 14; Luke 1: 33).
Triumphant (Mark 22: 36; Rev. 17: 14).
Universal (Psa. 2: 8; 72: 8; Rev. 11: 15).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The interval between this lesson and the last seems to have been very brief, Matthew (Matt. 18: 3-12) and Mark (Mark 10: 2-12), however, tell of a discourse about divorce, which seems to have immediately preceded the blessing of the children. No other intervening event is recorded.

PLACE.—Probably in Perea, not far from Jericho.

TIME.—In the latter part of March, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30, as Andrews and Robinson maintain. Archbishop Thomson, however, places it earlier; as already intimated,

PERSONS.—Our Lord, with his disciples; parents with their babes; a rich ruler,—or a young man, according to Matthew; Peter, speaking for the disciples.

INCIDENTS.—Parents bring their babes to Jesus, but are rebuked by the disciples; Jesus reproves them for the rebuke, saying that it is necessary to receive the Kingdom of God as a little child. A ruler comes, asking what he shall do to inherit eternal life; our Lord answers him, telling him that God only is good, and recounting the more practical duties of the law; the ruler claims to have obeyed these; our Lord bids him sell all that he has, distribute to the poor, and follow him; the ruler is sorrowful; our Lord declares how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God; then explains that God can accomplish what man cannot. Peter speaks of the disciples' leaving all to follow Jesus: he tells them of the reward for such here and hereafter.

PARALLEL PASSAGES. Matthew 19: 13-30; Mark 10: 13-31.

Out of Town.

A crippled child was taken out of the slums in Philadelphia one summer to a farm-house among the hills, where she remained for a fortnight. It was her first visit to the country. The next summer the farmer's wife went to the city to find the child, and to bring her home with her. But want and foul air had conquered. She was dying.

"I wish I could go," she said, with eager eyes. "Are the fields green this year? And are the trees growing the same way still?"

A poor shop-girl, with some of her companions, was taken by a good woman to the seashore for the first time. Her friend, seeing her standing alone on the beach, went up to her and found her weeping.

"Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "but I'm not used to these swell things."

Do we realize that there are in this free, bountiful country people so poor that the sea and fields and all good things seem to them to belong only to the "swell" rich?

Children's Relief and Fresh Air Funds are doing much in our cities to give to the overworked poor in their garrets and alleys a glimpse of the country during the summer, but there are still countless thousands who are left behind.

Cannot some of the families who read this paper, and to whom sea and woods and fields are familiar things, give to some other child, stifling among the hot bricks of the city, a sight of them this summer?

Candy Gluttony.

The gratification of the "sweet tooth" is spreading among fashionable women, and more candy is now sold at retail than was ever known before. Physicians continue to argue that a glut of bonbons and pastry is not the best thing in the world for health, but the ladies, young and old, do not seem to mind the warning much, nor are they deterred by the prospect of an early visit to the dentist, which usually follows continued candy consumption. Not only has the manufacture of candy increased, but the number of retail establishments has multiplied rapidly of late years. There are establishments where the finest bonbons and bonbon packages are imported from Paris, and there is hardly a fashionable young ladies' school without one or two candy shops near by in any city, where some of the girls with liberal allowances of pin-money run up bills that are almost preposterous.

TIT FOR TAT.—Miss Vasser—"Don't you think Miss Springlove is a charming poetess."

Uncle Solomon—"Oh, yes, a very sweet poetess, and her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming painteress, and her Aunt Lucrece is an excellent sculptoress, and her mother used to be an excellent dishwasheress, and——"—*Life.*

DAYS THAT NEVER RETURN.

Over the strings of my harp to day
Floats a song that is half a sigh,
Like the sound of leaves when the wind sweeps by,
Like the sound of breakers far away,
As they beat and sob,
As they beat and throb,
Till I hear a voice in the distant roar
On that lovely stretch of sandy shore.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year—
A song that thrills with an unshed tear—
Through the winter twilight, chill and gray,
As the breakers sob,
As the breakers throb,
And I hear the voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for my sweet, lost youth—
For oh, I would give, in very truth,
Riches and fame and power away
To dream once more
Those bright dreams o'er.
"It is a vain regret," sighs the old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.

Over the strings of my harp to-day
Floats a song for the dying year;
A song that thrills with an unshed tear
Like the sound of breakers far away—
How they beat and sob!
How they beat and throb!
And I hear that voice with its old refrain,
For the days that never come back again.
—*Unidentified.*

OLD FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

BY WILLIAM PERRY BROWN.

"How we all change!" is often heard, especially among the middle aged when reminded, in various ways, of the altered looks and ways of youthful acquaintances.

No remark is more trite and commonplace, yet within its scope lies a transcendent range of human impressions, embracing every variety of feeling, from joy to sadness, from the summit of hope to the vale of disappointment.

"Only twelve years, yet it seems as if another age had intervened," said a friend rather sadly to me one day.

She was seated in a bay window looking out upon a charming landscape. A pile of æsthetically tinted cushions supported her; two immense jars resurrected from the family garret were at either end of the divan, each nourishing an amber tinted lily or two. Her "gown" was medieaval, dull tinted and lustreless, with a touch of Etruscan gold here and there, and her manner was characterized by an air of gently exhausted melancholy. In her lap was a drab leather album full of old and fading photographs—the portraits of classmates and friends of other days.

Twelve years ago she married and went away. Recently she had returned flushed with western prosperity to her old home. She is looking, as she speaks, at the picture of four of her old school mates. One was Beatrice, the poet and valedictorian of the class in which my friend graduated. Beatrice wears her white graduating gown. She has a pale, serious face, and hair loosely hanging, though innocent of bangs. My friend remembers the sense of unrest, the vague Byronic yearnings with which Beatrice filled her copious rhymes, always vowing that she never, never would marry, because she was sure not to meet her ideal this side of Heaven.

Yesterday she met Beatrice coming out of the village grocer's. Her arms were full of bundles and by her side was a little Beatrice, to whom she gave ginger snaps from a paper bag, to keep the child still while the two old friends talked. My friend hardly knew her, she was so changed, in manners as well as looks. She was gay, smiling and loquacious. She was no longer pensive and dreamy; she had grown stout and matter-of-fact. She talked chiefly about the weather, the price of butter, the scarcity of raspberries; and said that Robson (her husband) was no manager at all. In brief, Beatrice was keeping boarders, and to my friend's surprise, growing fat upon worry and work, despite an indolent husband and the low rate of board.

The old time Beatrice was fond of soft clinging fabrics in her dresses, and the girls thought her a genius, born to "right the wrongs" of her sex in some grand, mysterious way. And here she was, her great mind contentedly settled upon making one dollar do the work of two, with three pretty children and a husband whom she loved, yet who could not make a living. As to her ideals, perhaps the less said of them the better.

Two of the other pictures represented Dolly and Isabel, both favorites of the school and the village. The boys sent them valentines and took them "buggy riding." The girls shared caramels and pickles and new novels with them cheerfully. They had no end of intimate friends, full of school girl confidences, and swearings of eternal fidelity through after life. My friend herself had interchanged a score of delicate feminine secrets with each one of them, and had vowed unutterable affection, and when school days were over began a correspondence with Isabel that was intended to end only in death. It lasted three months, I believe.

The other day she met Dolly in a street car. Her early beauty had faded, there were more lines upon her forehead and beneath her eyes than time alone would have placed there. Time seemed to have been assisted by discontent and a habit of fault finding, totally foreign to her youthful days; and perhaps held in abeyance by the general agreeableness of everybody then.

But Dolly's health had failed, people ceased to be so considerate to her whims, admirers grew less and less attentive, she was still unmarried and had sunk deeply into the typical career of old maid-hood. The staple of her talk now was upon her ailments, upon the disagreeable traits of her acquaintances, and interspersed with acid commiseration of things in general for falling so much below her own expectations of the way they should be. Doubtless good health and an affectionate husband would have changed all this, but these were not forthcoming, and my friend felt sad when she left Dolly.

Isabel, she met the previous summer at a watering place. Isabel was fashionable, and had married a financial magnate, who burrowed away at his office the year round, while his wife squandered money in town and country after strict conventional standards. Isabel's husband is thirty years the oldest and they have no children. From a gay and winsome school girl she had developed into a married coquette of the adroitest kind. She is at once heartless, selfish and prudent. Men follow after her whenever she cares to attract; she draws them to the verge of extremity, yet never oversteps the lines of social propriety, and more than all—is never enthused or confused. The skill with which she extracts entertainment from the hearts of men and the envy of women is only equaled by her after indifference to the source of both.

Other old time faces, my friend saw, youthfully portrayed in the old album, and as she recalls their traits—then and now—she finds much to surprise her and something to grieve over as well as please. Manners have altered, faults and virtues have grown or fallen away, but in most instances the radical basis of character has developed naturally under after influences, though in some producing strange results, to a superficial eye.

In examining herself, she finds that her present condition, though differing much from youthful anticipation, is largely the result of outward causes adjusting rather than creating certain now well defined channels of taste, feeling and thought. She is yet much the same, though in a different way.

Reflection convinces her that the girls that she used to know and herself, have developed into a good deal such women as might have been expected, taking everything into consideration. Not always such, however, as they or their friends did expect—which is often quite another thing. There are no changes so various and wonderful as those of nature, for the reason that they are natural, even when they seem the most unaccountable.

Why Minnie Could Not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantle went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were upstairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in Grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh! I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded, as if pussy said, "I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, Kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around Kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I—guess—I—want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must, I shut Kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then Mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. "But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't Kitty?" "Because Kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

Sometning Curious About Birds.

In the early spring the first birds to make an appearance here are the robin and the blue-bird, and a little later come the blue snowbird, song sparrow and pewee. The bird that I greet with the greatest enthusiasm is the song sparrow. Many years ago I made a discovery of a peculiarity in the song of this bird which to me was very interesting. It appears that this bird is not content to sing one monotonous song like most species, but it has a list of tunes, something like the hand-organ grinder, which he sings all through the nuptial season, wooing his faithful mate while engaged in her household duties. If we listen to his songs we will find that after repeating his little ditty from fifteen to forty times he will change it to another, so entirely different that we can hardly believe it to be the same bird singing. Then he will suddenly take a third tune, and so on to the fourth and fifth, and in all he will sing about nine distinct tunes. These nine tunes he sings without variation during his lifetime of from one to five years; but no two song sparrows ever have the same list of tunes, unless by accident they may have one or more of nearly the same. When October comes with its bleak winds, verging on to November, the bird wends its way to its Southern winter home. How they spend their time there I do not know, but when the season for their nuptial home arrives, they come back to the same old locality, to the same garden or hillside, wherever it may be, and we hear the same tunes repeated that we learned the year before. I knew of one pair that returned five successive years, singing the same nine tunes each year; whether he kept the same mate all this time I cannot say. Female birds never sing; a chirp is all they give. The song sparrows have a locality which is their home and they do not allow any other of the species to intrude upon their hunting grounds. An acre or two of land is about all they claim. Passing their boundary another pair of the species will be found. They never locate in the middle of a field like the bay winged or Savannah sparrow, preferring the outskirts, banks, gardens and roadsides for their homes. Some may smile and doubt my tale, but I have made a study of the birds for many years and have learned to know them all by their songs.—[*Grandpa.*

Butter or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating.

Domestic Helps.

BY KATHARINE ARMSTRONG.

It is exceedingly helpful to the one who has the care and management of the table, the cuisine of a family, to find herself in condition to make ready a hasty lunch whenever unexpectedly called for. It is an uncomfortable position for materfamilias to have nothing at hand, already cooked, and be obliged to send out—depend upon outside cookery—for any one knows the baker's work, even of the best, 'tis not like the "home-made," with the home-made taste and flavor. Of cakes and pies and other dainties, we do not speak now, but of the more substantial parts of a lunch, the main dish of which should naturally be cold meat of some sort. One week have a cold leg of mutton; another, a piece of spiced beef; another, a corned or smoked ham. All will keep in a cool place for several days, and "variety is the spice of life," and change from one meat to another enhances the relish for all. Some families, we know, almost never buy mutton or lamb, believing no meat is quite as wholesome as beef; but those very people are the ones who most thoroughly relish a dainty chop at the table of a friend. Nothing but a groundless whim, a foolish notion, prevents their buying a meat themselves that is quite as delicious and as nourishing as the best beef. We mean, in speaking of meat, the best quality of all kinds. A little of the best is more desirable than a good deal of inferior quality.

We will try to give a few ideas in the preparation of meats desirable "to have in the house," ready for convenience or emergency. First, very naturally, comes smoked tongues. They are profitable for families, as there is very little waste to them. They should be soaked over night in milk-warm water, and put into cold water over the fire the next morning; boil slowly for at least four hours, and allow to become cold in the water; then remove the skin and slice in thin slices, beginning at the small end and cutting diagonally in such a way that there will be no small slices, all uniformly large. Cold tongue is a common dish, sure enough, but it is easy to tell whether it is cooked and sliced by one who "understands his business," or not. It is a fair breakfast dish, as well as lunch dish, and not amiss, among other meats, for dinner, served with spinach.

A cold boiled ham is a very mine to the housekeeper—so many ways in which the meat can be utilized for the different meals. It can be brought on for the principal meat for dinner when hot; can make sandwiches, when cold, for the school children or for picnics; a few slices on the breakfast or lunch table will not come amiss, or the ragged parts can be scrambled with eggs in three minutes, and make a very satisfactory dish, or made into croquets with eggs and cracker crumbs. The slicing of a boiled ham should begin at the larger end. It should lie in cold water over night preparatory to boiling, be well washed in the morning, and put into cold water to boil—at no time allowed to boil rapidly. A quart of sweet cider should be added to the water, also a large spoonful of molasses. Fifteen minutes' boiling for every pound will be the exact time to cook it. Nothing is gained by hurrying the boiling of meats of any kind, especially of salt meats. It only hardens them, and makes them tough and coarse. Ham, like tongue, is better cooled in its own broth; then it is moist, and delicate in color. A change from boiled is to give it more slow cooking and browning in the oven. The skin being removed, place it in the oven, the fat side up, having first brushed it over with beaten egg, and sprinkled it over with fine bread crumbs. Put one pint of cider in the pan, and baste occasionally—bake one hour. A stuffed corned ham is an agreeable change. Have the bone removed and fill the cavity with a dressing made of stale bread crumbs, salt, pepper and sweet herbs—all moistened with an egg and a little butter. Secure in a linen cloth, and boil till done, cooling in its own liquor.

Another good way to prepare meat for luncheon, and make delicious the unsightly bits and pieces of good meat, is the following: "Chop finely all the 'odds and ends,' rejecting the discolored pieces and gristle. Add rolled soda crackers and beaten eggs enough to make all of the consistency of a stiff batter, adding salt, pepper and a little butter. Put into a well buttered pudding dish and bake one hour. When cold turn out and slice for the table. A few sweet herbs added, give variety. Some use raw beef—raw meat, for this dish, but we have found most satisfaction in using that already cooked.

Croquets will also make use of odd and ragged remains of any sort of meat, by using one cup of chopped meat, one of milk, one of fine crumbs, a little melted buttert two eggs and plenty of seasoning. Form into croquets with the hands and fry brown in hot drippings.

Most people will relish a salad made of meat in this way; chop finely a couple of pounds of cold boiled corned beef, add two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, a spoonful of sugar, one egg, a little pepper, beat and mix all well together and put in a saucepan over the fire, when boiling, pour into a buttered dish to mould. Cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce.

An appetizing warm dish is made in this way; take clear tender lean beef, about a pint, when finely chopped, raw steak, add one small minced onion, a little salt and pepper, make into round, flat cakes, with the hands, and fry a rich brown, in butter, thicken the butter remaining in the pan with a little flour and water blended, and pour over the browned cakes.—*Observer.*

The Hon. E. Everett, the American Senator, once had his health proposed thus by the artist Story: "Here's to Learning—when Ever-it rises it grows." Everett, springing to his feet, at once exclaimed: "I beg to amend! Here's to Learning—whenever it rises it grows but never above one Story."

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some patient efforts to get quit of them.

The Pride of the Poor.

'Where'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!'

There is the proverbial blind man at every street corner, a vender of odd things forever dogging your heels, a little flower girl at your elbow whenever you are in a hurry, and at night, when the company have all dispersed, there is a tramp at your back door. Yet, thanks to a free government, an inspired business sentiment, and a conviction that all have equal opportunity to *strive*, the poor of our country are limited—very limited, compared to the destitute that exist under more despotic flags.

But the beggar and the itinerant are not the poor. They are tradespeople—following a profession to their own liking—and since others do not strive for it, they have a monopoly and make a good thing out of it, too. No; these are not the poor. The poor are in hiding. Their wants they never tell, unless you make a bold search to find them out. They pass you every day in the street and unless you look very closely you will not discover that their clothes are poorer than yours. The struggle and the pinching goes on in a scantily supplied home, behind a very effectual screen. If the clothes will stand a cursory glance, the shiny marks of wear can be detected at a nearer view. If the tops of the boots will match your own in decency, the soles, you may be sure, have holes, that let the poor proud feet come once too often in contact with the damp earth on stormy days, and the case may be followed to a consumptive patient on a dying bed.

Not only do the poor hide in the busy haunts, but they walk side by side with you in society and you never suspect it. You wonder why this or that member of a family is absent from an expensive gathering. You talk with the attending representative about it, and with a smiling face you are treated to some plausible excuse, which of course you swallow.

A small family of little girls attended a Sunday School. Only one came at a time. Upon being asked why they did not all come together every Sunday, one of the little ones blurted out: 'Betase we've only one dood frock for us all.'

She was a marvel to look at—a little old lady in black with a close fitting bonnet edged with white. It is true her dress was scant and showed a few neat darns, but she looked so clean and sweet, and had such a cheery smile on her white thin face.

'Oh! Come in, do. You look tired, please stay here and rest.'

Only a look from the faded eyes, but oh, so tender, as the tottering steps drew timidly near the welcome hearth.

'There. Please take this chair; for I know from experience it is the easiest in the house. That's it. Now I will make you a cup of tea, for I'm sure you need it.'

A little more bustle and fuss, an occasional brush across the eyes when the old lady was not looking, and soon the little table of refreshment was placed before the guest. Another of those tender looks, as she was enjoined to partake of what was before her.

Just then the door opened. In came someone who looked every inch a mistress.

'Mary, who have you here?'

Mary explained, but the explanation did not seem to satisfy.

The poor old lady gave a startled look in the direction of the mistress, and then rose with a not unbecoming dignity and moved towards the door.

'Stay, where are you going? I *want* you to have something to eat, especially now it is laid for you!'

'Thank you, madam,' was the sweet but proud reply, 'but I could not eat it now. Good day.'

She went out, but the thoughts that troubled her were not harsh or bitter. Instead, she was murmuring: 'Poor Mary, poor girl! I shall be very much distressed if she gets into trouble through me?'

A tramp entered a confectioner's store. The young lady behind the counter looked hard at the tattered coat, the dented, slouching hat, the grizzled face, as he advanced and instantly made up her mind that he had come begging.

'Sorry,' said she brusquely, 'but we haven't anything to give you.'

Surprise, anger, indignation, all struggled for expression on the hardened face, and then lifting his head as proudly as a king, he said: 'Didn't ast yer. A penny cake, please,' and down went the money with a ring.

It is not always safe to judge by appearances.

She lived in a very uncomfortable attic, where the sun poured down on the roof day after day, and the showers when they came seemed rather to scald than cool.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, day in, day out, and only a bare living gained. A knock at the door, an imperative, 'Open please,' and in stepped a haughty young dame.

'Is my dress finished?'

'No Miss; I am very sorry, but I have so much work on hand, and it has been very hot.' The needle was held suspended a moment, and the quiet face looked up worn and tired, as if to emphasize the words.

'You promised it this evening, and if I do not get it by eight, you may not expect any more work from me.'

There was something unbearable in the tone, and the gentle seamstress looked up quickly, while a slight blush illumined her pale features. 'Very well, madam. You remember I said it would be finished to-day or to-morrow. I have done my best. You shall have the dress to-morrow. Good evening.' She drew her small, emaciated figure to its full height and ushered her visitor out with the air of an injured queen.

But ere the door was well closed, she dropped to the floor, a poor desolate heap. 'Mother, mother! Why can't I die and come to you? They are all alike. And now she will not send me any more work. But I cannot bear it, if I starve. Oh God, have pity, and take me!'

Yet in our glorious Republic man is equal. So we all say, and despite all outsiders are ready to say to the contrary, we are going to *stick* to it.

[The homelier the phrase here, the better.]

We are to be pitied as well as the street arabs. Just think of the drawbacks to our rose-hued plans for doing good. At evening, in richly-carpeted and softly-lighted rooms, fired with the glow that a pretty story—just read from one of our leading magazines—has left, we feel a poignant sympathy with our less fortunate fellows. In dreams we extend our hands, and bend smilingly over picturesque rags and dirt, and feel so satisfied about our charitable frame of mind. But in real life: 'Oh, I am so busy. I am engaged with company. I'll attend to the case later.' It is so easy to forget. It saves us the trouble of confessing that our idle evening dreams will not stand the daylight.

'God helps those that help themselves.' You frequently use this expression and feel justified in doing so. Well, let your street arabs learn it. They need to. But what are you going to do about those that *are* struggling to help themselves.

These are the poor. As deserving poor they should find the well-worn proverb, 'God helps etc,' true. Open your hearts to the poor who make no parade of their poverty. Respect their delicate pride; it is the link that binds them to this world. Use your brain to aid them, your sympathy to warm them, and your heart to love them.

What if you should be among the proud poor yourselves some day! These very ones would be the first to help you from their slender means. Only the heart and the character can make a justifiable distinction between men; for we are all born equal.

'My coat is a coarse one, an' yours may be fine
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! O, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa:
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.'
—*Robert Nicoll.*

Editor.

Seasonable Things and Where to Buy Them.

It is a matter of universal assent, that the real status of an individual may be determined by a glance at his feet, for these members are usually the last to fall into line and so complete the picture of physical culture and refinement. The style and graces of the *grande dame* may be assumed by any young woman gifted with a fair amount of adaptability; the fashion of her costume and the precise manner in which she wears her bonnet can be easily imitated, but *Miladi's* pretty pedals in their well-fitting boots or ties are not so easily copied. This difficulty, however, is more or less obviated by the high degree of perfection attained in shaping the modern shoe.

There are so few faultless feet that the art of the shoemaker is, of necessity, now taxed to its utmost to overcome all defects.

Among those who occupy a high rank in this department, is A. J. Cammeyer of Sixth Avenue and Twelfth Street.

The throng of buyers to be found in his spacious and finely appointed store, during all hours of the day, bears witness to the truth of this statement.

He leads and controls the best class of trade both in the city and out of it, and all specimens of work sent out by him, bear the marks of exceptional excellence and elegance. A pleasant fact, to be cited in connection with this popular establishment, is that the schedule of prices at all seasons commends itself to people of moderate means. Goods are bought in such quantities and so quickly disposed of as to warrant moderate prices to all customers. Just now, unusual reductions are offered, and those who would secure these bargains should avail themselves of this opportunity to purchase the best class of goods at low rates. Their Fall catalogue will be ready by the fifteenth of September, and will contain about four hundred illustrations, together with explicit directions for foot measurements. This catalogue will be promptly sent, by mail, to all who apply for it, and those near to or remote from New York can order anything in this line which he may desire, by following the instructions for measurements indicated and originated by this well-known house.

* * *

Hitherto, nothing has been found to aid ladies in the proper and satisfactory arrangement of the hair, yet there is no part of the toilette which adds so much to a lady's personal appearance.

No matter how rich and elegant the costume may be, or with what grace it may be worn, if the hair is not carefully arranged, the entire effect is spoiled.

An Electroplated Egg.—About three years ago, a silver-plater, named Downing, took a fresh egg and put it, properly prepared, into a silver bath, and turned on the battery. The result was a silver egg, which under a strong glass showed all the minute pores of the shell, and appeared to be a delicate work of art. The egg was exhibited for a long time, and not one person in a hundred would believe it to be anything but a cunning specimen of the silversmith's art. One day, to settle a discussion, Mr. Downing cut the silver egg in two, and it was found to be as fresh and sweet as the day it was electroplated. Its silver coating had hermetically sealed the pores of the shell. Since then experiments have been made which have resulted in divulging a most astonishing possibility,—that of embalming the dead in casts of nickel, silver, or gold, according to the purses and artistic desires of the deceased's friends and survivors.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy. Care should be taken not to use too often as it might in that case injure the enamel.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Don't mistake pleasure for happiness.

Conversing with God assimilates the soul to Him.

Life is the best school, and conscience the best guide.

Nine-tenths of man's ills come only as they are invited.

Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit.

Persons who have dirty back yards leave dirty memories.

Our best friends are not those who always come with taffy.

The man who is always sober is always on the right road.

Never ask a man for his advice unless you are willing to accept it.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

Tenderness makes a woman grateful; a noble manhood compels all her deep instincts of love.

Of course it is not a crime to be poor but it might just as well be when its penalties are so severe.

There is something better than a revival, and that is a christian life that doesn't need to be revived.

The mischief of it is that, though traveling takes the conceit out of a man, coming back puts more in.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do.

Whatever else may be wrong it must be right to be pure—to be just and tender, and merciful and honest.

The trouble with your pretty man is that he is too pretty to be useful and not pretty enough to be ornamental.

What would be the result if we never engaged in any undertaking upon which we would not ask, sincerely, God's blessing?

Better follow the sternness of a truth than the glittering delusion of a lie.

Men often follow lies because they shine.

Ninety-nine per cent. of ambition to try and 1 per cent. of talent is all that is necessary to success in whatever we undertake.

When a man has done a good thing he sits down to rest, but when he has done a bad thing he loses no time in doing another.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

The next best thing to being happy one's self is to be able to make others so. Perhaps that may be the sort of happiness they have in the next world.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; the leisure the diligent man will obtain but the lazy man, never; so that a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

The value of what many a man says depends upon what he has said previously. He has earned the right to speak with authority, and people listen to him as one of that character.

Never try to get along by substituting muscle for brain. It is not hard work that "gets there," but the right kind of work well directed, which may be done with comparative ease.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

Some people, rather than lose a good metaphor, or a fine sentence, are often tempted to assert what is not altogether accurate; and they have their reward. They astonish but do not convince.

Good character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual; and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective; but it is useless to press unavailable motives to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

Courtesy is said to cost but little, while it gives its possesser great gain. In one sense this is true, but in another sense courtesy costs the subjection of self; and that is not a little thing, by any means. The essence of courtesy is the instinctive giving to others the first place in one's thoughts and words and actions. The attainment of this grace costs a great deal; and it is worth more than it costs.

Our post of duty is never in more than one place at the same time. For the time being, we always belong in one place, and in one place only. If we recognize this truth, we shall never have reason to fear that we ought, perhaps, to be somewhere else than just where we are, when we are in a place where our present duty lies,—and we never have a right to be anywhere, even for a moment, where it is not our duty to be. There is no such a thing as a choice between duty and its shirking. We ought always to be where we belong; and it would be wrong for us not to be there.

Courtesy is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He who would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous, without seeming to be so—must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth than in telling what he has done, or in speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again it may be the result of an honest effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a gain to him who is its recipient.

Life is too short to be wasted in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatsoever things are pure and lovely and gentle and of good report.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS;—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG 28.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Sightseers Descend Mt. Penn on a Runaway Gravity Car.

TERRIBLE CRASH AT THE BOTTOM.

The Car Dashes Down an Embankment, Bearing Thirty Helpless Passengers—Four Instantly Killed and Thirteen Injured, Many of Them Fatally—A Scene of Horror.

READING, Pa., Aug. 23.—A terrible accident occurred on the Mt. Penn Gravity railroad, on the outskirts of this city, yesterday. Four persons were killed and thirteen dangerously wounded.

Following is a list of the killed:

Charles Rettew, conductor, aged 35.
Edgar M. Levan, lawyer, aged 40.
Miss Rosa Heiffer, aged 32.
Miss Harriet Hinckle, aged 82, of Philadelphia.

The Injured.

Mrs. William A. H. Schmehl, badly cut and suffering with concussion of the brain.

William Schmehl, both legs badly fractured. Will probably die.

Mrs. Schitler, terribly mangled and unconscious.

Miss Katie Homan, seriously hurt about the head; not expected to live.

Misses Bessie and Katie Kelley, nieces of Miss Homan, both badly injured.

Cornelius Hanlon, of Allentown, suffering with concussion of the brain.

Mrs. Cornelius Hanlon, of Allentown, badly cut and bruised.

Miss Sallie Bye, of Wilmington, Del., very badly injured and unconscious.

Miss Mary Guthrie, of Wilmington; head cut, but not dangerously.

Mrs. Arnold Lewis, of Allentown; left wrist broken.

Miss Weiler, of Allentown; badly hurt about the head and chest.

Mrs. Smith, of Allentown; skull fractured, and will die.

Cause of the Accident.

The accident was caused by a car jumping the track on a sharp curve. The train left the station shortly after 10 o'clock. It consisted of one car drawn by one of the small mountain climbing engines. It was run successfully to the summit of Mt. Penn, a distance of two miles and a half, where the engine left it, the remainder of the journey over the mountain being performed by gravity.

The car started down the mountain with about thirty passengers. It was soon evident that the brakes were not working properly, but the journey was continued after an effort was made to block the brakes.

A Fearful Crash.

The round trip had been almost successfully made when the brakes suddenly opened and all control of the car was lost. It continued with constantly accelerating speed until the last curve was reached near the terminus of the road, just before entering a deep cut.

Here the car jumped the track and went crashing down a steep embankment through the forest trees. The car rolled over and over, and was crushed into splinters. The occupants were thrown out and many of them were mangled among the debris and ruins of the car on the mountain side. Some of the passengers were hurled several hundred feet.

The car being one of the open observation kind, some of the passengers jumped off before the final crash came, and were seriously injured. Two ladies who jumped were found in an unconscious condition nearly a mile from the wreck.

READING, Pa., Aug. 25.—The coroner's investigation of the Mt. Penn Gravity railroad accident is in progress today. It appears that the accident was due to the defective working of the brakes. A new automatic air brake had been put on the car two weeks ago, and it had been working satisfactorily until the car yesterday started on its fatal journey. Then it refused to work.

Cannibalistic Mutes.

BUCKINGHAM, Que., Aug. 25.—Mrs. Cott, a French Canadian woman, left her baby in charge of two partially insane mutes, the sons of a neighbor named Newton, while she went berrying. The lads were not considered dangerous. When the mother returned she found that the mutes had killed the child and eaten parts of its body. The mutes had on previous occasions exhibited vicious dispositions, but their parents were averse to sending them to an asylum.

A Horrible Death.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 23.—Edward Neidig, aged 40, a laborer, employed at the Merchants' Terminal bridge, met with a horrible death. He was assisting in the care of a pile driver and his body was directly under the immense hammer. In some way the hammer, weighing 2,000 pounds and coming with the impetus of a fall of fifty feet, struck the unfortunate workman across the head and shoulders, killing him instantly.

A Street Duel.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 26.—Boss Hamilton, a yard hand, and Bob Ferguson, a brakeman on the Kentucky Central road, fought with pistols on the streets of Rowland, Ky., and both were instantly killed. The trouble originated in remarks which Hamilton had made regarding the chastity of Ferguson's wife. Hamilton was asked to prove his words, apologize or fight. He accepted the latter proposition.

The President's Birthday.

CAPE MAY, Aug. 22.—President Harrison arrived at 4.30 p. m. yesterday. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, with the baby, met him and he was at once escorted to the cottage at the point, where a quiet family celebration of the president's fifty-seventh birthday was held.

Berry Pickers Lost.

MEDFORD, Wis., Aug. 26.—Saturday afternoon Mrs. Barney Molitor, of the town of Molitor, this county, and Mrs. Molitor's daughter, 15 years old, residing in Chicago, went into the woods berrying and got lost. They have not been found, although the whole town has been hunting for them.

MR. PATTISON ACCEPTS.

Letter of the Pennsylvania Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.—Mr. Pattison yesterday sent to the committee appointed by the Democratic state convention to inform him of his nomination for the governorship the following letter of acceptance:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 22, 1890.

Gentlemen: I have received your letter conveying the formal notice of my nomination by the Democratic state convention for the office of governor. The custom which calls for such interchange of correspondence has lost much of its significance by reason of the changed conditions and usages surrounding conventions of political parties at the present day. Having appeared in person before the body whose committee you are, and accepted its nomination, I took occasion to point out what in my view was the all pervading issue in the campaign then inaugurated.

An extended letter of acceptance now would therefore be little more than a reiteration of what was then expressed. It is questionable, moreover, whether anything can be now said that would give greater clearness and emphasis to the thought dominating the contest between the two parties in Pennsylvania.

The platforms of the respective conventions, the controlling influences by which their deliberations and action were shaped, and the exhaustive discussion of the proceedings and the candidates by the newspaper press of the entire country, unmistakably show that not only is the issue of the campaign irrevocably made up, but that it is clearly apprehended and will be directly met and decided by the people at the polls.

In this connection I may venture the suggestion that we should not permit the contest to be diverted from its legitimate and true lines. All attempts to import issues from the field of national politics will be but an effort by those now on trial in Pennsylvania to distract public attention from themselves and their records to more remote subjects of party controversy. Self government—home rule—is now on trial in this commonwealth. On one side stand the people, with their constitution and general interests; on the other stands a selfish and arrogant political leadership, self constituted and defiant, and resolved to use the offices and treasure of the people as personal spoil. Between these must the voters choose.

Confident that the Democratic party, its principles and candidates, represent the right and just side of the controversy, I have no doubt of the popular verdict. We offer deeds, not vacant words, as the guarantee of our fidelity.

With the assurance of my profound appreciation of the honor conferred by the Democracy in choosing me as their candidate, I am, respectfully, yours, ROBERT E. PATTISON.

To Hons. W. H. Sowden, Charles, Brodhead, Pearson Church, P. Foley and George Ross.

PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

Men Who Want Pennsylvania to Come in Out of the Wet.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 22.—It was just a trifle inappropriate for the Prohibition brass band to play, "We've been there before many a time" as it entered the Prohibition convention, but probably very few noticed it. The new state chairman, Professor Patton, who was elected over Tallie Morgan, the young Scrantonian, had a place on the stage and met with many congratulations.

The chair announced that the ballot for governor had resulted as follows: Miller, 260; Gill, 101, and he declared Mr. Miller the nominee. Mr. Gill, who was a delegate, moved to make the nomination unanimous, and it was done so with great cheering. Hon. C. W. Miller, the candidate for governor, is from Franklin, Venango county.

John D. Gill, of Westmoreland; H. F. West, of Philadelphia; Col. Charles E. Hyatt, of Chester; Rev. W. R. Covert, of Westmoreland, and Tallie Morgan, of Scranton, were named for lieutenant governor; but before a ballot was taken Messrs. West, Morgan and Gill withdrew their names, and on a rising vote Col. Charles E. Hyatt was named by a large majority.

For secretary of internal affairs Mr. William T. Dunn, of Allegheny, was nominated by acclamation.

CONGRESSMAN WATSON DEAD

He Expires Suddenly, While About to Enter His Carriage.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Congressman Lewis F. Watson, of Pennsylvania, died suddenly at the Shoreham hotel yesterday. This makes the third Pennsylvania member who has died this session. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Congressman Watson had been ailing for nearly two years. His private secretary had called a cab, and Mr. Watson was about to step into it when the former saw that he was looking remarkably pale and suggested that he get him a glass of brandy. This he declined, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before he reeled. He was caught in the arms of Proprietor Keenan, of the Shoreham, and his secretary. He expired on a sofa in the hotel a moment after. His wife started for Warren with the remains last night.

Mr. Watson had been renominated for the Fifty-second congress. He was the largest individual timber owner in Pennsylvania, having large interests in the Dakotas.

Immediately after the adjournment of the house the Pennsylvania representatives met in the house lobby. Representative O'Neil presided and Representative Kerr acted as secretary. Resolutions of regret were adopted.

Pennsylvania Census Figures.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The population of the following Pennsylvania cities and counties is announced by the census office:

CITY.	POP.	INC.
Harrisburg	40,164	9,402
Lebanon	14,734	5,956
Mt. Carmel	8,243	5,865
Shamokin	14,339	6,155
Sunbury	5,766	1,689
Ashland	7,379	1,318
Mahanoy	11,291	4,110
Pottsville	14,194	941
Shenandoah	13,445	3,298
Tamaqua	4,667	.....
COUNTY.		
Columbia	36,844	4,435
Dauphin	96,856	20,768
Lebanon	48,054	9,578
Montour	15,596	127
Northumberland	74,536	21,416
Schuylkill	153,757	23,783

Huntingdon and Broad Top.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26.—The Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad and Coal company reports shipments of coal for the week ending Saturday amounting to 38,174, an increase over the corresponding week last year of 10,325 tons. The total amount shipped to date this year is 1,216,470 tons, an increase of 442,124 tons.

To Open Prohibition Headquarters.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 26.—Professor H. D. Patton, the recently elected chairman of the Prohibition state committee, left for Scranton to open headquarters for the coming campaign.

APPALLING DISASTER

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Laid Waste by a Whirlwind.

DEALING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Many Buildings Completely Demolished and Hundreds of Houses Unroofed—A Large Number of Coal Breakers Wrecked.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 20.—One of the worst cyclones ever experienced in this vicinity came upon this city about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It came from up the river. The sky was black as night and the wind blew with great velocity.

Trees were blown down and hundreds of houses were unroofed, and many houses completely demolished. It is said that several people were killed, but up to this time the number cannot be learned. In different parts of the city the havoc made by the cyclone is fearful, many districts being laid in ruin, and there are a number of people homeless. The loss will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Every wire in the city, telegraph, electric light and telephone, were blown down. Trains and engines which were at the depot were blown over and wrecked. The streets are blocked with fallen trees and buildings.

One hundred tin roofs have been telegraphed for and building mechanics of all kinds can find employment.

The Murray shaft fan house was blown down and the fan stopped. There are twenty-seven men in the mine, but it is hoped they can be got out safely.

At 7:30 p. m. reports come from Sugar Notch, a mining town three miles from here, that the destruction to property is terrible and that fifteen persons were killed.

Coal breakers in all directions have been more or less damaged at Parsons and Mill Creek, four miles from here, and ten men are reported to have been killed. All communication is cut off and the telegraph wires are down in all directions.

The Killed.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 25.—The list of the victims of the recent cyclone in this city now numbers sixteen as follows:

Begold, Jacob.	McGinley, Mrs. Eliza.
Fritz, John.	McGinley, baby.
Fratz, John A.	Martine, Eva.
Hamilton, George.	Olean, Frank.
Henaghan, Mrs. James	Rittenmeyer, Peter.
Kern, Joseph.	Schmidt, Eddie.
Laible, John.	Thompson, Nellie.
McGinley, John.	Vandermark, B.

THE SECOND CYCLONE.

Great Destruction Wrought in the Lebanon Valley.

SHERIDAN, Pa., Aug. 23.—The heart of the Lebanon valley was visited by one of the most destructive storms in its history. It was the second cyclone to strike it within a period of forty-eight hours, and, although not attended with fatal results, the extent of the damage to property was greater than on Tuesday evening. The storm raged with great fury between Lebanon and Reading, but the most damage was done in the vicinity of this village. The cyclone wreaked its direst vengeance at the western end of this village, where a number of buildings were destroyed.

At Myerstown a number of barns and stables were wrecked, and between that place and this all the fences were blown down, trees uprooted, telegraph poles prostrated, and the corn levelled in the fields.

A freight car was blown from the track at Sheridan station, on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, and travel was delayed for an hour. Heavy telegraph poles were shivered into splinters, and all telegraphic communication was cut off. All fences between this place and Womelsdorf are down. Great damage is also reported to have been done in the vicinity of Mt. Zion, Lebanon county, and in Heidelberg township, Berks county.

THE STABLE BOY'S BODY

Found in the Wrecked Street Railway Depot in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 23.—The body of John Christy, the 16-year-old stable boy, was dug out of the debris of the street railway depot, at Eleventh and Susquehanna avenue, yesterday. This brings the total number of victims of Thursday night's disaster up to five.

The others killed were Charles Severn and August Pauli, conductors; Charles Fisher, driver, and Mrs. Pauli, wife of Conductor Pauli. She had brought her husband's supper and they had just sat down in his car to eat it. Their 10-year-old boy, who was with them, escaped with a broken arm. Ten others were seriously injured. The loss on the building and cars destroyed amounts to about $50,000.

In consequence of the rumors current that the weak condition of the walls of the depot are as much responsible for the accident as the cyclonic wind burst, a most rigid investigation is being made by the coroner to discover, if possible, the exact cause of the awful catastrophe. Deputy Coroner Dugan said that the depot is built upon made ground, which was so shifting that piles had to be driven in before the operation began. While in course of erection one of the walls tumbled in, and several years ago, during a severe wind storm, the front blew out.

Bucks County Democrats.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Aug. 26.—There were probably 2,000 persons present at the Democratic county convention yesterday which made the following nominations: Senator, George Ross, of Doylestown; assembly, First district, Dr. Oliver H. Fretz, of Quakertown; assembly, Third district, James L. Fabian; sheriff, J. Johnson Beans, Warminster; clerk of quarter sessions, R. Beatty Schermerhorn, of New Hope.

Pumping Out a Colliery.

MAHANOY PLANE, Pa., Aug. 23.—The Lawrence colliery has shut down for sixty day to combine the concentrated energies of a steam pump and hoisting slope to remove the water in the old Stanton colliery. The workings of the two collieries have been united by a tunnel. A total of 2,125,000 gallons of water will be removed daily.

Five Years for Forgery.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 25.—Jacob Conrad, who for nine months practised a system of swindling city mechanics by means of forged checks, pleaded guilty in court and was sentenced to five years and six and a half months' imprisonment in the eastern penitentiary.

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Our counters and shelves are packed with all the latest and newest things that the market affords for men's wear.

The quantity, quality and variety of our stock is far in advance of any ever shown you in Centre County. It is only necessary for you to give us a call; inspect our stock; take make, fit and prices into consideration, and we feel certain that we will then number you among our many customers.

We do not offer you goods at cost. We ask you a fair, legitimate profit; give you the best value possible for the money; we give you the privilege of returning anything bought of us not perfectly satisfactory in every particular, and your money will be refunded as cheerfully as it was given to us.

—0—

Give us a call; come and look at our stock and prices, is all that we ask. Your judgment, we are satisfied, will do the balance.

M. FAUBLE,

Proprietor.

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OPPOSITE BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

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Special rates to witnesses and jurors.
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10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
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6 "	21 "	16 "	1.75
6 "	24 "	18 "	2.00
6 "	30 "	23 "	2.50
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WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

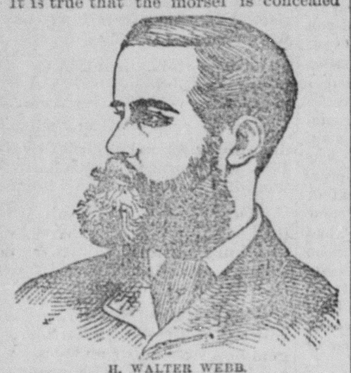
CRUMBS OF COMFORT

The Supreme Council is Lavish of Encouraging Phrases

BUT DECLINES TO ORDER A STRIKE

The Terre Haute Manifesto Gives Unqualified Approval to the Strike, Denounces Webb and Extols Powderly's Conduct, but the Knights of Labor Are Left to Continue Their Fight Alone—Webb Well Pleased.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26.—The Knights of Labor asked for bread and their brethren of the United Order of Railway Employes, better known as the federation, has responded with a stone. It is true that the morsel is concealed



H. WALTER WEBB.

in a jar of honey, but it will be none the more digestible to the knights on that account.

It is a common remark here that the final decision of the conference could not have been more to Mr. Webb's taste had the third vice president of the New York Central and his associates manipulated the wires that controlled the twelve men who compose the supreme body.

The unfortunate knights are left to their own resources. They are not even offered the balm of pecuniary support, and their general master workman is referred by the chief of the federation to press dispatches for the official reply to his appeal. The outcome may prove a death blow to knights.

At the same time it is an indication of the conservatism and prudence of the federation. It was formed to prevent strikes instead of to promote them, and in the very first case upon which its supreme tribunal has been called to sit in judgment it has made a demonstration of its intention of living within its laws; and yet it was only after a warm struggle that the conservatives prevailed as against the supporters of war to the knife.

The Manifesto.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 25, 1890.

To all Labor Organizations—

Men and Brothers: On the night of Aug. 8 a strike began on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, involving about 8,000 men in the employ of the said road who were members of a great labor organization known as the Knights of Labor.

Here follows a summary of Mr. Powderly's efforts to settle the strike.

The members of the supreme council, while in Buffalo and the city of New York, had ample opportunities to thoroughly inform themselves upon all matters concerning the strike. They saw and heard both sides. They appreciated the gravity of the situation, and comprehending impending consequences to labor organizations deemed it advisable to convene the supreme council for deliberation and such conclusion as facts would warrant. In response to the order of F. P. Sargent, president of the supreme council, that body was convened in the city of Terre Haute, Ind., on Saturday, the 23d day of August, and remained in session until noon on Monday, Aug. 25.

In making their report to the council the members who went to New York to confer with Mr. Powderly found all the statements made by him fully corroborated by the facts.

The council having heard the statements of its members who had visited New York for the purpose of ascertaining the true condition of affairs, exhaustively discussed every important proposition and arrived at a conclusion as follows:

1. That the position of the Knights of Labor, as set forth by T. V. Powderly, grand master workman, and the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, meets with our unqualified approval.

2. That the course pursued by H. Walter Webb towards Mr. Powderly and the Knights of Labor, notwithstanding his declarations to the contrary, evinces a purpose to disrupt and destroy labor organizations on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, as was done by Austin Corbin on the Philadelphia and Reading.

3. That the policy of H. Walter Webb is despotic to an extent that outrages every principle of American citizenship, and if generally adopted would, if successful, reduce American workingmen to the degraded condition of serfs.

4. That H. Walter Webb, by the employment of Pinkerton thieves, thugs and murderers, vile wretches from the slums and brothels of New York and other cities, to kill working men because they have dared to protest against his rules and strike for their rights, is guilty of a crime of such enormity as will associate the name of H. Walter Webb forever with those who, dressed in a little brief authority, have used their money to secure power to degrade their fellow men.

5. That the efforts now being put forth by H. Walter Webb to destroy the Knights of Labor would, were the circumstances changed, be made to destroy the organizations of engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen and switchmen, and if unsuccessful it is only a question of time when a similar effort will be made to seal the fate of other labor organizations.

6. That H. Walter Webb, by the course he has pursued towards the Knights of Labor and the representatives of labor organizations, has shown a total disregard of those principles of citizen sovereignty, dear to every American worthy of the name, and considering only his money power and the corporate power of the company he represents, his acts, which speak louder than words, say, in the language of W. H. Vanderbilt, once the autocrat of the New York Central, "The public be damned."

7. H. Walter Webb seeks to support his arrogant attitude toward working men and labor organizations by assuming that the New York Central and Hudson River railroad is private property and that his acts in the treatment of his employes is no matter of public concern; that he can with impunity discharge men and remand them to idleness and poverty and render them homeless wanderers without giving any reason or explanation whatever for his conduct, disregarding the fact that the corporation for which he plays autocrat is a thing created by laws, in the making of which the men he seeks to degrade have a voice which, once unified, will bring his corporation to the bar of justice, where his millions or the other millions he represents will cease to be potential in directing questions of right.

In view of the foregoing facts, the supreme council puts upon its record the unanimous and unqualified approval of the strike on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad for the causes set forth by T. V. Powderly, general master workman, as also the efforts made by Mr. Powderly to bring the strike to an honorable termination. In this general expression of approval of the action of the Knights of Labor the course of Vice President Webb is as unequivocably condemned.

The power of the supreme council in the matter of the strike has been exerted to aid the Knights of Labor through their representatives to secure the recognition of their order by the officials of a rich and powerful corporation, to secure for workingmen, the victims of autocratic power, a hearing, and to perform such other kindly offices as were proper under the circumstances, demonstrating sympathy and good will, thereby aiding the Knights of Labor to bring the strike to a close upon principles of right and justice. In this the council met with failure, owing to the autocratic attitude of H. Walter Webb.

It now became necessary for the supreme council to say, owing to the fact that the order of the Knights of Labor is not a member of the Federation of Railway Employes the laws of the supreme council do not permit its doing more than it has done to aid the Knights of Labor and its inability to participate otherwise in the strike is now known and appreciated by Mr. Powderly.

Referring to the laws of the supreme council relating to strikes, the matter is concisely printed as follows:

"In the first place, if the members of the organizations on any railroad have a grievance it is submitted to the proper officers of the road by the local grievance committee. In the event of failure to obtain satisfaction the chief executive officer of the order hearing the grievance is called upon and, in connection with the committee, seeks to amicably adjust the differences.

"If failure still attends the efforts to adjust the trouble, then the supreme council is convened at the headquarters of the railroad officials, with whom a conference is requested, and its influence is exerted to obtain a settlement alike just to all parties.

"If failure still follows efforts to remove the cause of complaint, and the council by a unanimous vote decides the grievance to be of such gravity as to justify a strike, it is promptly ordered, in which event the members of the various organizations employed on the road where the grievance exists, viz., firemen, conductors, trainmen and switchmen, abandon their work."

In conclusion, the supreme council placed upon its high appreciation of the manliness of the Knights of Labor employed on the New York Central and Hudson River railroad, struggling to maintain a principle sacred to every workman on the continent and to all men who love justice and hope for the triumph of right over wrong as flagrant as ever stained the pages of history.

Webb Is Pleased.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—Third Vice President Webb last night, in reply to the question, "What do you think of the action of the supreme council of the United Order of Railroad Employes at Terre Haute?" said: "It was the only wise course to take. There was no principle involved in which they could be interested. The entire trouble was local in character and had nothing whatever to do with organized labor. Whether the Knights of Labor will now take further steps will make but little difference. There are only a few knights in the employ of the New Jersey Central."

CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

Labors of the National Legislators at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—The house passed a resolution from the committee on foreign relations calling on the president for information concerning the enforcement of the Russian edict against the Jews. The senate bill providing for inspection of meats for export was then taken up and passed. The lard bill was then debated without final action.

In the senate the Quay resolution providing for the order of business was debated. Mr. Spooner moved to refer the resolution and Mr. Hoar's proposed amendments to the committee on rules, but at the end of the morning hour the whole subject went over, and the tariff bill was taken up and one page disposed of. The senate concurred in the house amendments to the agricultural college bill and the meat inspection bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—In the house senate bill to change the time of sessions of federal courts in western Missouri and senate bills for bridges across the Mississippi between the mouth of the Missouri and the mouth of the Illinois were passed. The bill for adjustment of accounts under the eight hour law was debated without final action and the lard bill was discussed further.

In the senate Mr. Plumb's resolution to prevent the sale of liquor in the senate wing of the Capitol was debated, but finally went over till the tariff bill was taken up. Mr. Coke and Mr. Faulkner made set speeches on the bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—The house in committee of the whole considered the senate amendments to the river and harbor bill, concurring in a number of them. Last evening's session was devoted to private pension bills.

The senate disposed of nine pages of the tariff bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.—The lard bill passed its third reading in the house, but failed of final passage through the absence of a ghoram.

In the senate Messrs. Blackburn, Ingalls, Vest, Allison, Evarts, Vance, Hale, Morgan, Plumb, Hampton, Gibson, Coke, McPherson and Carlisle delivered eulogies on the late Senator Beck.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The house agreed to the conference report on the sundry civil bill and non-concurred in senate amendment to the river and harbor bill. Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, announced the death of Representative Watson, and, after adopting the usual resolution of regret, the house adjourned.

In the senate Mr. Aldrich proposed that general debate on the tariff bill be closed Sept. 1 with five days discussion thereafter under the five minute rule. He accepted a modification suggested by Mr. Gorman to close general debate Sept. 3 and take a vote Sept. 8, but Mr. Plumb objected to the proposed agreement and the matter went over. The house bill for lighthouse tower on Smith's Island, Virginia, was passed with a large number of other lighthouse appropriations incorporated as amendments.

THE MARKETS.

Prices on the Stock, Produce and Petroleum Exchanges.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—The market was dull and featureless. Pennsylvania was firm. Lehigh Valley and Lehigh Navigation were dull and steady. Reading was firm. The bonds were very dull.

Following are the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	52	Reading g. m. 4s.	80¾
N. Pac. com	32	Reading 1st pf. 5s.	70
N. Pac. pf	80¾	Reading 2d pf. 5s.	51
Pennsylvania	53⅛	Reading 3d pf. 5s.	41
Reading	20 45-16	H. & B. T. com	30¼
Lehigh Nav	—	H. & B. T. pf	46¼
St. Paul	76⅝	W. N. Y. & P.	9¼

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—State and western flour strong; fairly active; low extras, $3.35@4; city mills, $5.15@5.35; city mills, patents, $5.75@6.50.

Wheat—No. 2 red dull; 1½@1¾c. lower; weak; foreign houses selling; September, $1.09@1.10¾; October, $1.09⅝@1.11¼; December, $1.11 9-16@1.13¾; May, $1.15¾@1.17¾.

Barley—Out of stock.

Corn—No. 2 depressed, dull; No. 2, 56⅝@56¾c.; steamer mixed, 56¼@56½c.

Oats—No. 2 dull, easier; state, 42@53c.; western, 49@53c.

Beef—Dull, firm; plate, $7@7.50; extra mess, $6.75@7.

Pork—Steady, dull; mess, $12.50@13.75; extra prime, $10@10.50.

Lard—Firm, quiet; steam rendered, $6.75.

Eggs—Fancy firm and in demand; state and Pennsylvania, 21c.; Canadian, 19@20½c.; western, 18½@20½c.

The Oil Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 25.—Oil opened at 96½c. and closed at 87c.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 25.—Market opened weak; noon, 86⅞c.

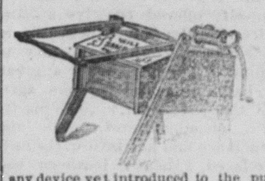
"It is strange that my husband, who prides himself on his tidy appearance, can carry so much blodgan dirt. And all this nastiness could be avoided if he would use

Wolff's ACME Blacking

on his shoes, and yet he says it is the finest Dressing in the world for his harness.

Change a Pine Table to Walnut.
A Poplar Kitchen Press to Antique Oak.
A Cane Rocker to Mahogany.
See what can be done with 25c. worth of
DIAMOND DYES
PIK-RON
A PAINT THAT DOES CAN SEE THROUGH
TRY IT.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

100,000 FEET OF HEMLOCK, SUGAR MAPLE, white pine and walnut lumber, boards &c for sale at Tusseyville.
W. H. Runkle.
5 jun 4t



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He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.
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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.
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POINTERS !
The place to buy your
READY MADE CLOTHING
is where you can get it the cheapest. I have an immense stock on hand which I propose to
SELL AT COST
in order to clear my counters for other goods.
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER !
If you need anything in the line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
or GROCERIES, you will never go wrong in calling at my place. I also deal in
FLOUR AND FEED
and fill all orders in this line promptly. Come and see me—it will pay you.
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COBURN BAZAAR, - - - COBURN, PA.

Spring and Summer !
—o—o—o—
Our new stock of goods for the coming seasons has arrived and are open for inspection. It comprises a great variety of novelties in
SPRING : AND : SUMMER : STYLES,
in Dress Goods, Ginghams, etc., all selected with great precision to supply the wants and needs of our customers in quality and lowness of price. A full and complete stock of Clothing, Hats, Shirts, Underwear, etc., is on counters. We invite inspection of our stock, and we are positive that you be satisfied then of the low prices we sell our goods at.
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CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HUMPHREYS'
DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.
These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

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1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
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8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25

SPECIFICS

16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	Ophthalmy, or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
21	Asthma, Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing	.50
23	Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
25	Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	Sea Sickness, Sickness from Riding	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	Sore Mouth, Canker	.50
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
31	Painful Periods, with Spasm	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00
33	Epilepsy, Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	Chronic Congestions & Eruptions	.50

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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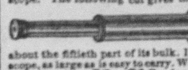
HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horse and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (500 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry—Sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES AROUND? ALL DISCOVERED BY THIS EYE, AYE MORE

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to



about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $25 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jas. B. Winkleman, dec'd, of Walker twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. PETER NEESE, Adm'r
2864 Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. 446tfnr ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FREE OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00. Best gold watch in the world.—Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases, both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

Look At This!
The most complete cooking utensil ever invented.

No burned hands, no scalded scars, or disagreeable odor filling the house.
No overflow on the stoves while using these kettles. No cloths needed in handling them. They supply the long felt want. Onions, Kraut, codfish, corned beef or ham can be cooked in them without the bad smell filling the house. Every woman who sees them wants them and the men do not object to paying for them.
GEORGE M. POTTER,
22 Agent for Centre County.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL Estate.—The undersigned, executor of estate of John Goodhart, late of Gregg Township, dec'd., offers at private sale the following described real estate, situated about 2 miles west of Spring Mills, Pa., a
o——o FINE FARM o——o
Bounded by lands of Wood's Heirs, John Grove, James D. Wilson's Heirs, Mrs. M. A. Ross, Michael Tibbens, and others, containing
—— 82 ACRES AND 62 PERCHES. ——
Thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Buggy Shed, and all necessary outbuildings all of which are in good repair. There is a good young orchard of the choicest fruit on this farm. A good cistern at the house, and also a cistern at the barn. 78 acres of the above farm are cleared and enclosed with good fences, and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Hemlock. Persons desiring to purchase will find this farm beautifully located, being near the L. & T. R. R., near churches, post office, grist mill, stores, etc. Climate healthy.
For terms apply to
WILLIAM GOODHART,
2961 Executor, Farmers Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Elizabeth Snyder, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES A. OTT,
2161 Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 26 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	"	Renovo	8 55 a m
"	arr at	Erie	4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	New York	12 15 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	New York	6 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	12 15a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 15 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 40 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP	leaves	Philadelphia	4 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	"	Montandon	9 34 p m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	10 30 p m

Sunday Train.—Williamsport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 15 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 15 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 14 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 50 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 25 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 40 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 42 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	3 00 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 25 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 22 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP	leaves	Williamsport	1 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 30 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 0	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
2 20		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 39	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 42		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 51	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 59	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 08	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 16	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 22	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 30	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 42		8 37	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.

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LOCAL OR TRAVELING
to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
15may3m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S
Treatment By Inhalation.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
DRS. STARKEY AND PALEN
COMPOUND OXYGEN
NOT A DRUG
1529 Arch Street, Phila'a, Pa.
For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all *Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*
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"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.
—o—
Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons, who have tried their treatment
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THE KING'S DUST.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King,
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring,
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the King said. "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the King died, And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away—
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
He, it seemed, the King, knew everything.

One day armies, with tramp of doom,
Overthrew the hugh blocks of the tomb;
Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom.
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame,
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly—and the King was not!
—St. Nicholas.

Tempted to Murder.

Naturally I am a jealous man. Perhaps it came from the fact that I was a stray sheep in the house that was filled with my stepmother's children. They were not content with their mother's love, but exacted from my father all the attention he had to bestow upon the family and he was led to believe me moody and sullen because I resented this unequal division of household duty and felt myself defrauded out of my share in my father's heart. Looking back upon my early childhood, it does not seem strange that I grew up with a great jealousy of the caresses that were lavished freely upon my younger brothers—the sons of my stepmother. This, as I grew older, deepened into a longing for a home of my own, a love in which no other human being should have a share.

When I had reached the age of twenty-five these aims in life were realized. I held an independent business position and my income was large enough to support a wife and give her a home in which she would be surrounded by every comfort that dainty womanhood needs. Fortune had favored me from the moment in which I had stepped over the threshold of my father's house, and now my stepmother was loud in my praises and most anxious the elder brother should also push the fortunes of her "poor, dear boys." She even put it to me tearfully whether I had not better remain unmarried for their sakes and play the part of the benevolent bachelor uncle to their prospective children.

But I had other views in life. Unknown to her I had fallen deeply in love with Ethel Templeton, a budding belle of the pretty little interior city in which we lived. Up to the time when, at seventeen, she had made her formal debut in society, I had seen no one who had excited more than ordinary admiration on my part, but from the moment I was presented to stately, winsome Ethel I vowed myself to her, heart and soul. My love was so great that I seemed rather to avoid than to court her, so fearful was I of frightening and losing her by a premature outburst of volcanic fires that raged in my breast, and were with difficulty kept hidden under a calm exterior.

The circumstances of my early life had made me extremely reticent. I had no confidants as a boy and as I grew to manhood I made no bosom friend to whom I talked of myself. I could not have done it if I had tried, for the habit of years of reticence was upon me and could not be broken. So no one guessed my passion for sweet Ethel Templeton and no one ever ventured to speak to me about my attentions to her.

At last I spoke my love. We had been acquainted for a year and her eighteenth birthday had come. I had been waiting for it, and in the morning I sent to her home my offering of flowers with a note requesting that I might have the favor of an interview in the afternoon. In the cosy little library of her mother's home, with the scent of June roses stealing in through the windows, I told Ethel Templeton that I had loved her from the first moment I had seen her. It was somewhat of a surprise to the gentle girl, though, with a woman's intuition, she had always known that I had liked her "passing well." When her mother came into the room shortly afterwards Ethel's hand was in mine and her cheeks were as red as the roses at the window. The mother only lived for the daughter's happiness, and I left the house the betrothed lover of Ethel Templeton.

Of course my step-mother did not like it. She said so with emphasis, but at last appeared to be resigned to the inevitable, and the family made a great deal of Ethel. This pleased me, and I was glad to see the oldest of the boys, my half brother Harry, who was just six months older than my betrothed, a frequent visitor at the house. In my new-born happiness I was willing to forget the wretchedness and loneliness of the past.

One day my step-mother asked me to take her out for a drive, and added that she wanted a chance to talk to me by myself. Her request gave form to suspicions that had been forming for some time in my mind that there were sharp claws under the velvet of her touch. Yet I had no reason for any fears and I only congratulated myself that I was finally free from her influences. Perhaps my self-congratulation was premature.

I have never forgotten that ten-mile ride through the misty October sunshine to the little lake set like a diamond in the crown of the Farmington Mountains. Its memory comes back to me with every recurring October day that is its twin in beauty, but it has been so softened since that no sting is left in it.

"Frank," said my step-mother after a while, "do you love Ethel so much that you could not give her up? Do you think you are suited to her? Would you not both be happier if you should return to your old bachelor life instead of trying to tie this young girl down to your old-fashioned ways?"

Amazement kept me speechless for a moment, and then I quietly told her that Ethel and I loved each other and were to be married at Christmas and that I could not consent to any such talk and should certainly refuse to submit to any questioning.

An ordinary woman would have been quiet, but this one loved her brood with the intense ferocity of a tiger cat and was bound to make all other lives that she could influence subordinate to what she considered their best interests. So, after a while, she said that I must really forgive; that she only spoke for my own good, because she thought me too old in my ways, if not in my years, for Ethel; that it would be a pity for Ethel to find out hereafter that she had made a mistake, and much more of this sort. I clenched my teeth and kept silence, saying to myself that the drive would soon be ended.

Then my stepmother shot her last arrow.

"Don't you think that Harry is much better suited to Ethel than you are? Everyone notices that she is much brighter and cheerier in his company than in yours. Her little fortune would be a help to him and you do not need it; and, besides, I know that you would not stand in the way of her happiness," and here my stepmother wiped her eyes gently, as if the tears were coming in spite of herself.

"Do you mean to tell me that my brother Harry loves Ethel and that she would return his love if I released her?"

"I mean to tell you nothing. I have said only what I thought to be right. The rest you can find out for yourself."

Not another word was spoken throughout the drive, but my blood was rapidly rising up to fever heat and jealousy fired every fibre of my heart. I spoke to no one except to give directions about the horse and then sought my own room to feed the fires of jealousy until such time in the evening as it was suitable to call at Ethel's home, and when I started my brain was that of a moody madman.

There was a sound of music as I neared the house, and when I entered the parlor, unannounced as usual, Ethel was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment while Harry sang an old-fashioned love ballad. They were a handsome couple, I could see that at a glance, and well matched physically, and my jealous imagination supplied all the rest. His attitude was love-like, and she—I dared not look at her, I retreated softly out of the room and went to the library and sat there listening to the light catches of laughter that came from the other room. They were having a happy hour together and evidently did not miss me.

At last they went to the outer door together, lingered there a moment—too long, I thought—and then Ethel came slowly and thoughtfully toward the library. What was she thinking about, I wondered, that made her step so slow? Was she planning how to be "off with the old love" before she was "on with the new?"

"Why, Frank, when did you come in?" was my darling's glad greeting. As she came towards me with both hands outstretched and a happy smile on her lips, she suddenly stopped and cried amusingly, "what is the matter? What makes you look like that?"

The demon of jealousy which had been at work in my heart all the evening had at last mastered me. My rage distorted everything and even the sweet face before me could not calm the storm. I rose to my feet and put forth one repelling hand.

"Ethel—before we go any farther you must answer me one question. Do you love me, or has my brother Harry usurped my place? My stepmother told me today that I was too old and grave for you and that you preferred my brother's society—but I gave no credence to it until I stood in the parlor tonight and heard your new lover singing a love ditty to you. Answer me—are you true to your promise to me, or do you love him?"

The face of my betrothed seemed to turn to marble as I spoke and her form grew statelier with indignant wrath. No one but a madman would have persisted in the terrible mistake that I was making.

"Go!" was all the reply she made. "I have no explanation to make to the man who has doubted my word."

Her hand pointed to the door, and though it was not yet too late for repentance I passed out into the darkness insane with jealously.

Five years passed before I saw again the face of Ethel Templeton. Immediately after our engagement was broken off I had sold out my business and gone to one of the great Atlantic cities. My stepmother wrote to me from time to time, and seldom without alluding to the prospects of Harry's marriage, and at last she announced it as a fixed fact. Determined not to be looked upon as a rejected swain, I made swift courtship to a pretty, frivolous butterfly of fashion, whose alliance was supposed to be a step in social advance for me, and we were speedily married. Then I went to Europe with my wealthy wife and made a tour of the continent as befitted a fashionable couple.

It was on a steamship returning from Liverpool to New York that I saw Ethel after our long separation. A little statelier, a trifle thinner, she was still Ethel Templeton. We met as strangers and I dared not question the friends who were escorting her, but my heart gave a leap of joy when I heard she was yet unmarried. The next moment I knew how I had shipwrecked my life and what an idiot I had been to listen to the stories of a woman whose only thought was to make me a tool for the advancement of her sons.

No one can yet hear without a thrill of horror the details of the collision in mid-ocean which sent the good ship Cleopatra on which we were embarked to a midnight grave. A great crash was followed by one prolonged shriek from hundreds of terrified souls, and then came the panic of crew and passengers, the lowering of boats and rafts into the tempestuous abysses of the sea, death in the darkness of the waves, cries for help that might have rent heaven, a sudden lurch and plunge and the final disappearance of the sorely wounded vessel under the surging waters.

Ethel, my wife and I were in one of the boats when the steamer went down, and the eddies caused by the final plunge swamped the boat and threw us all into the sea. It was the work of a moment to swim to a crosstree that was floating near, and as soon as I found myself in safety I turned to find the arms of Ethel and my wife stretched out to me as they battled with the devouring waves. Which should I take? I knew in that supreme moment that I still loved Ethel and had never loved another, and that my wife had always been a stranger to my heart. Love prompted me to save Ethel at any cost.

Never was man so sorely tempted as I was in that moment of time which seemed to stretch out to eternity while the temptation lasted. I knew that I should be virtually a murderer if I let my wife go down to death; but ah, how could I abandon the woman to whom I cried aloud "Ethel!" and she smiled even in the agonyof death. Then, with arms inspired to duty by her, I drew my wife up on the crosstree and for the first time in my life I fainted dead away. I looked around me as I recovered, and there was Ethel, saved by other hands. I called to my wife, but there was no reply. She had been swept away by another wave while they were lashing me to our temporary raft and trying to restore me to life.

That was five years ago, for the last three years Ethel has been my wife. She forgave me readily when I knelt at her feet and asked forgiveness. Indeed, she forgave me as soon as she had learned, as she did when Harry had been persuaded by his mother to offer himself to Ethel, and in so doing had let the cat out of the bag, how I had been made the victim of her ambitious schemes for her eldest born. She had always loved me, she said, and would never have married any but her first and only love.

Our married life has no clouds. But there is one secret which I have always kept from my wife—how nearly I was tempted to mu er when her white hands were lifted imploringly to me from the waves of the Atlantic and I knew that if I left those other hands that bore a wedding ring to sink under the waters I would be free to win Ethel back.

Let me add that I have ceased to be a jealous man.

Joaquin Miller's Western Home.

A slender, sparely built man, well along in years, with long, yellowish white hair that lay on his shoulders in curls, sat for a long time in front of the Leland Hotel, Chicago. He was dressed in black, moderately well worn and not of the latest cut. At his throat a loose white neck scarf was negligently caught over a diamond collar-button. On one of his fingers glistened a large, brilliant yellow diamond that was in strange contrast to the seamed and tanned hand. In speaking of his home in California, he said: "It is a terrestrial paradise. I shall live there until I die. You know I went there by almost an accident, but it brought me satisfaction and even fortune, for I am a rich man at last. Three years ago, when I went out to California with Col. Howard and Mr. Sutro, we arranged to plant a little Island off San Diego with trees. We had hardly done so when fire killed them. Then I went to San Francisco and bought my little tract of ground in the mountains. It is two miles from Oakland, and 750 feet above the ocean. For 200 acres I paid from $50 to $75 per acre, and now they want to buy it for town lots. I am really rich, but I have worked hard," and the Western poet glanced at his hardened hands. "It is my philosophy. It is the foundation of my latest and longest work, 'The life of Christ.' He breaks least commandments who lives by the sweat of his brow. In three years I have planted 15,000 trees. I thought it would take me only a short time, but I am still at it, and I and my mother shall always live among them."

The Latest Thing Abroad.

The latest thing in fashion for men in England is known as the American shoulder. It consists of a coat padded at the shoulders in a manner quite unique. Pieces of lead of quite an imposing size are employed in the process, and when the dude is properly "fixed up" he appears with a sort of epaulet arrangement, calculated to transfix the gaze of the less enlightened observer. The "American shouider" is only just coming into vogue, but it was decidedly conspicuous in Piccadilly, London, last Sunday afternoon. A London tailor says that he is putting twelve ounces of lead into some of his "padding."

Now an English syndicate has been formed to buy up all the ballet girls. Lovers of antiques will kick. So will the girls.

FOUND THE DIAMONDS.

HOW A TURKISH DETECTIVE RECOVERED STOLEN JEWELS.

He Poses as a Merchant and Invokes the Aid of a Tribe of Turcomans.

Some years ago the diamonds of the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople were stolen from her toilet table. A large reward was offered for their recovery, and Dindar, one of the secret police-agents of the Grand Vizier, was given the case. In the course of a week Dindar got a clue to the perpetrators of the robbery. The plunderers were numerous; and as the jewels could not be sold without great risk of detection in Constantinople, they had resolved to carry them for sale to Teheran, where they had no doubt of finding a ready market.

Dindar found out their intended route, and on the arrivals of the rascals at Kars, a respectable merchant from Koordistan, in a high cap of black sheepskin and a huge robe, entered their caravanserai, and very dexterously managed to extract from them, in the course of conversation, an avowal that they had diamonds for sale. For these the pretended merchant, who was no other than Dindar himself, offered to give a handsome price, and thus save them the trouble of continuing their journey to the capital of Persia. After a great deal of bargaining, the robbers agreed to sell the jewels for 90,000 piastres, or £900 sterling; and, with apparent reluctance and hesitation, the merchant produced a heavy leathern bag and counted out the sum in silver beschliks. The money was some counterfeit coin manufactured in England or Russia by a gang of coiners.

The robbers left Kars joyfully on their homeward route. At their first halting place, however, some of the more wary began to suspect the accommodating merchant who had so opportunely interposed to save them the weary ride to Teheran. At any rate, the thieves examined the contents of the money-bag, and soon discovered the beschliks to be spurious imitations. The gang returned at full speed to Kars, found the treacherous merchant quietly smoking his chibouque in the caravanserai, furiously accused him, deprived him of the brilliants which he had so unjustly obtained, beat him severely with brindles and belts, and pipe-sticks, with the full and unqualified approbation of the bystanders, and, finally, only abstained from dragging him before the Cadi from the fear that some of the party might be unpleasantly familiar to the myrmidons or magistrates of Kars. Having thus regained possession of the diamonds, they hastened on to Teheran.

A fresh plan was soon formed, and Dindar mounted his horse and rode as fast as possible on the road toward Persia, and by seeking a little unfrequented pass in the mountain range had the gratification of arriving before the robbers.

It was some time before he encountered a band of nomads fit for the purpose he had in view. At last he arrived among a tribe of Turcomans, a people, brave, hospitable and faithful, but with exceedingly mediæval ideas of the rights of property. To the chieftain of this horde, Sultan Moorad, Dindar told a plaintive tale of wrong and violence. He had been cheated out of the price of a set of superb jewels which he had sold to some Kaffirs of merchants at Kars. The unbelieving dogs, rank heretics, as well as the swindlers, had taken away the money they had paid him for the diamonds by force after he had given his receipt; and when he complained at the footstool of justice, the Cadi of Kars, that son of a burnt father, and grandsire of asses had taken a bribe from the thieves to apply the bamboo to Dindar, and to drive him with blows from the court. Whereupon there had remained no other resource to the ill treated and disconsolate Dindar than to prostrate himself in the dust of the Turcoman encampment; and to adjure the brave and victorious Sultan Moorad, before whom the universe trembled, to put himself at the head of his lion-eating warriors, and surprise the robbers on their road to Teheran. Dindar added, that besides the diamonds, the rascals had taken 90,000 piastres in silver in their possession, and that he should be content with the restitution of the gems, leaving the money to his faithful ally, whom he finally implored by the beard of his father and the salt of his hospitality, to protect and avenge him.

The Turcoman chief sympathised with the wronged and injured Dindar, and his eyes sparkled at the mention of the piastres. He agreed to punish Dindar's enemies, and to restore him the gems; and forthwith plucked his spear from the ground, where it was planted before his tent, mounted his steed, which had borne him on many a day of battle, and called around him his young men, who mustered gladly at the first announcement of a foray.

To the dismay and astonishment of the Stamboul thieves, as they emerged from the intricate passes of the mountains into the open plains they were charged by an overwhelming force of Turcoman cavalry. Half of their number fell beneath the scimitars and lances of Sultan Moorad and his followers; and the survivors, having been stripped and plundered, were detained in a state of slavery among the wild horde. As for Dindar, the chief kept his word most faithfully. The diamonds was given up to the wily thieftaker, who returned forthwith to Constantinople, restored the jewels to the Ambassadress, and duly claimed and received the reward. The Turcoman chief was content with the counterfeit coin.

Strange Mesmeric Phenomenon.

The following strange mesmeric story appears in Lucifer, the magazine of the Theosophists edited by H. P. Blavatsky: "I will tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia or anothing else, I do not know, but besides great physical pain, I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mezmerizer, who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm of the pain I was suffering from, and you will remember also that from the evening when he first tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time, and never failed to mezmerize my arm. After five or six seances my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after we parted. I returned to Odessa, and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date to this New Year's Day, i. e., during the four and a half years, I very soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.

"But lo, and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was again paining me. At first I paid no great attention to it, thinking it would soon pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, when finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. Still, I hoped that it was but a slight cold which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had labored under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! . . .

"Thus I went on suffering till the end of the month, when one day I received the January number of the Revue Spirite, which I go on subscribing for now, as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of "Obituary Notices," my eye caught these lines: 'Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la depouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnetiseur puissant.' (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmerizer.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we have known, when suddenly a thought struck me. January 15 new style, means with us January 3d in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1st, or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year's day, precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm he had so successfully cured some years before! What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunderstruck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric passes had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of a healthy state, so far? But that on the day of the mesmerizer's death—who knows? perhaps, at the very hour—these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared, because the vital power which had fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell? I would if I could have some experienced mesmerizer, or those who know about it, answer me and suggest an explanation. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmerizer causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law, or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this case with my arm is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures.

A Cat Commits Suicide.

A tabby cat belonging to the family of David B. Paul, Wallingford, is reported to have committed suicide while grieving over the loss of her family of five kittens that had been drowned in order to keep down the cat population. When the old cat missed her offspring she went tearing over the house, showing her great distress by loud mewing. Failing to find the kittens after a long search she went up to the third story and deliberately jumped out on the porch roof below. When picked up old tabby was dead, her neck being broken in the fall.

An Old Book.

"Where Have You Been?" is the title of a sketch by Kate Thompson which has just been published in England. The main merit of the story consists in the fact that it is written entirely without the word "and." The scene is laid at a place called Kent College, where young ladies and gentlemen are trained in a course of æsthetic lectures, delivered by a professor who turns out to be a scamp, and makes love to his pupils, running away with one of them.

THE DENOUEMENT

Watch his expression as he reads;
See how he bends with bated breath
O'er some romance of wondrous deeds
Of mystery and awful death.

But, toward the bottom of the page
His eyes with sudden anger tend,
He sees—and snorts with helpless rage
The advertisement at the end.

FUN.

The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble; he has enough of it.

Strange is slang. It is just when you "get on" to a thing that you "tumble."

Honor and shame from no condition rise. Some men were lowly born on whom there are no flies.

Jepson—"Why is it that men marry widows?" Jobson—"They don't. It is the widows that marry them."

Johnny (watching his big brother dig angle-worms for bait) —"I say, Bob, if a worm will catch a little fish, wouldn't a snake catch a whopper?"

"Dear, said a physician's wife as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. Goldburg sitting in a draft." "Never mind," said her husband. "I will cash that draft later on."

"Whar gwine, Sambo?" "Gwine to court to testify." "What for?" "Oh, gemman stole a pair ob boots las' night an' I 'greed to gib him a good character for ha'f a dollar."

Mistress—"Bridget, do you know what all that crowd was on the corner this morning?" Bridget—"Yis, mem. It was the police was a-taking a lady to the joog. She had been fighting."

"Well, what do you think of the new neighbors who have moved in next door, Mrs. Pryer?" "I haven't had a chance to form an opinion. They haven't had a washing day yet."

Since the Bridgeport girl ruined her jaws with chewing gum the manufacturers of the "society quid" have been forced to put out the following statement: "Our gum does not paralyze."

"I notice, Jennie," said one young lady to another, "that you never lace tight now." "No." "What's the reason?" "Well, I've got a beau now, and when he's squeezing me I want to enjoy its full effect."

An artist once gave a little supper at his studio, and he put on his invitations B. S. C. V. The letters puzzled some people, who found when they went to the supper that they meant: "Bring some cold victuals."

"Where did you get that cake, Annie?" "Mother gave it to me." "She's always a-giving you more'n she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

Fond lover (after a long-delayed proposal)—"Perhaps I have been too sudden, darling." Darling girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—"Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but" —and here she became faint again—"it is not too sudden."

A seedy individual being told that his coat "looked as if it hadn't had a nap in a dozen years," replied: "I beg your pardon, but this coat has been lying in my wardrobe two and twenty years till to-day, and that's time enough to have had a good long nap."

"How do you do, Sam?" said a colored gentleman to one of his cronies the other day. "Why you no come to see a feller? If I lib as near you as you do to me I'd come to see you ebery day." "De fack is," replied Sam, "my wife patch my trouserloons so all to pieces I 'shamed to go nowhars."

"Young man," said the banker. "I've decided that it's about time for for me to put a check to your aspirations toward the hand of my daughter." "Oh, thank you, sir. But wouldn't it be better to wait till after we are married, then the check could come as a wedding present. It would save my feelings a great deal."

A storekeeper was boasting in the presence of a customer "that he could secure a quarter of a pound of tea in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the country." "Yes," said Zedekiah Dryasdust, who chanced to hear the remark, "and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any other man that I ever see, any anyway."

Young Girl (at fortune-teller's—"What! I'm going to marry a poor man and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a millionaire and live on Fifth avenue. Here's your quarter." Fortune-teller, with dignity—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty-cent fortune, miss."

"Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frankfort, "what are you crying about?" "I'm crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" was the further query. "He was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, half smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I am crying for."

Now is the Time and Buy.

The kangaroo is in danger of being exterminated. Its skin is so valuable that large numbers of small kangaroos are killed, and high authorities are of opinion that unless the process is stopped Australians will soon have seen the last specimen of its interesting animal.

FARM NOTES.

WHY FARMERS SHOULD KEEP BEES.—The fact that bees are pollen distributors is sufficient reason why a place should be made for them on every farm. If kept for no other purpose than the benefit they do to growing crops and fruit-bearing trees and plants by spreading the pollen among the blooms, these industrious workers would be a valuable adjunct. Testimony is abundant and conclusive as to the desirable effects of bees upon grape vines, fruit trees and fruit-bearing plants generally. Indeed one prominent apiarist goes so far as to insist that a few hives of bees judiciously placed will revive a fruit farm from a non-paying to a profitable investment. Field crops, scientists tell us and wide-awake farmers know from their own observation, are greatly assisted by the honey bee's manipulations. Indeed, their influence is required for the perfect floral fertilization of some of the cereal crops and the meadow grasses. Where the farmer is too busy to give his personal attention to the production of honey it is suggested that he purchase a few hives and turn these over to the care of his wife and daughters. They will find the pin money accruing from the sale of the honey a convenient and pleasant return for the labor and time spent among the bees. The outdoor occupation, too, will prove a welcome and healthful change from indoor drudgery, which they can then afford to hire done.

This is a matter of interest to stockmen. It is said that Pasteur's idea, that infectious diseases in animals can be prevented by inoculation, the same as vaccination prevents smallpox, has been carried out to some extent by the Saxony Agricultural Society with the approval of the German Government. Sixteen head of cattle were inoculated for pleuro-pneumonia and subsequently placed among a herd highly infected with that disease. Thirteen of the number remained entirely unaffected; the other three had the disease in a mild form. While the experiment has not been tried to a sufficient extent to demonstrate beyond all doubt that the principle is correct, the results are regarded as possible.

BEET SUGAR.—There are at present 130 beet sugar factories in Europe, and they consume 24,000,000 tons of beets every year. Their annual output of sugar amounts to 2,000,000 tons. It is said that over $80,000,000 are expended for labor and fuel, and that $10,000,000 are paid to farmers for beets. These figures are probably too high, but they serve to throw light upon the magnitude and importance of the industry.

A novel device for controlling excitable horses has lately been invented. It is attached to the browband of the bridle or headstall, and a light but strong cord runs through loops along the reins to the hand piece. "In case of fright pull the cord, and instantly the horse is blindfolded. This diverts his attention from the object of fright and puts him into another train of thought. Let go the cord and the double spring instantly withdraws the blinds from the eyes and rolls them out of sight." This device is not clumsy, and does not clog in action.

A farmer labors hard, early, late, persistently. He gives little time to mental culture; to silent communings that elevate the spiritual nature still less. In old age he has worldly wealth, with mental and spiritual poverty. This is not the best success.

Ignorance and prejudice are the bane of the farmers' cause—ignorance of their rights and prejudice against each other. When they know their rights and are willing to trust them in the hands of their kind as in the hands of others, their prejudices will vanish.

A potato "sorter" is something that is needed, and, if invented, it will find ready sale. Apple "sorters" have been in use for some time, but as yet potatoes are assorted by hand.

Solid manure and dry dirt will hold liquid manure well. The solid portions absorb large quantities of moisture and the mixture of solids and liquids improves the quality of both.

Dry soils should receive flat cultivation, and damp soils should be ridged. The object, in the first place, is to save as much of the moisture as possible and in the second, to get rid of the excess.

Time intelligently given to bees will pay equally well with that given to any other kind of farm work, and where too many are not kept it may be done at such time as not to interfere with other important work.

The only great thing needed in the winter care of animals is more food of a succulent character, and the silo is a ready helper in the production of such food.

If young raspberry plants are to go out no delay should be made. Very warm days are not beneficial to them at first, as they prefer cool shade until they begin to start.

Don't let earth or rubbish accumulate around the sills of the barn; if you do, it will not be many years before the expense and trouble of a new sill will have to be incurred.

A correspondent of the Mirror stat how to avoid rot and scab in potatoe "Roll the land, and when the potatoe are four inches high sow on a mixture fifteen parts plaster, three parts slaked lime and one part of salt."

An English gardener claims that to scatter sand that has been soaked with petroleum over the beds will keep away the onion fly.

Osage orange makes a poor hedge unless carefully trimmed. Everything depends on the management of the hedge for the first three years.

It is important that the corn-crib be cleaned out and fumigated so as to destroy insects.

To Revolutionize Salt Manufacture.

A new process for the manufacture of salt from brine, which is described as simple, automatic and continuous, has been invented. While requiring only about two-fifths of the fuel at present necessary for the manufacture of salt, the process can be worked with a minimum of unskilled labor. The system of salt manufacture at present in vogue is that of the evaporation of brine in open pans, heated by fires underneath. The defects of this system are that it is very slow, and that the output is comparatively small in proportion to the area occupied and the quantity of fuel used. The life of a salt pan averages, too, only three years, the formation of scale on the bottom of the pan causing it to burn away. In the new process the evaporation of the brine takes place in rarefied chambers, and the liquid is heated by steam. The new apparatus is made in three separate but duplicate sections, each section consisting of four main and closely connected parts. These are the heating chamber, the boiling chamber, the collecting chamber and the filtering chamber. The three sections are placed side by side, a few feet apart, and they are connected together by pipes. The first section is in communication with a steam boiler or with the exhaust steam from an engine, while the third section is connected with an air pump and condenser. Each of the three sections, having been charged with brine, steam is admitted to the heating chamber of the first section, heating the brine in it. The steam given off from that brine enters the steam chamber of the second section and heats the brine in that section, the steam from which goes to the heating chamber of the third section and heats the brine therein. A vacuum being maintained in the three sections by a pump, boiling or evaporation is carried on at the reduced temperature due to that vacuum. The salt as it is precipitated settles in the collecting chamber, and thence is admitted at intervals into the filtering chamber. Here the brine, which is carried forward with the salt, is automatically returned to the boiling chamber, and the crystallized salt is withdrawn, molded and dried for the market. The brine from the tanks is supplied automatically to the boiling chamber of each section, and the processes of evaporation and production are simultaneous and continuous. A single-section apparatus may be used, but the working is not so economical as with the three sections. It is estimated that the cost of production of salt will be reduced by the new process by about seventy-five per cent.

A "Ragged" Ball In Vienna.

The ragged ball in Vienna, Austria, was a great success, over $9000 being collected for the poor. Wealthy citizens and members of the aristocracy, all attired in tatters, and high-born dames dressed as beggars, were in attendance. The quadrille of ragged nobles was a wonderful sight, as also was a ludicrous cancan by officers disguised as blind beggars. Another quadrille included countesses costumed as Nautch girls and three archdukes attired as scavengers. All distinguished society people of Vienna met on the floor were watching the ludicrous scene from the boxes.

"Death of a Prince."

Upon the death of the Italian prince Amadeus, the lottery offices in Vienna were besieged with tickets bearing the number 47, which, according to the lottery dictionary, signifies "death of a prince;" 47 came out, and the players won several millions of florins from the imperial treasury.

"May I have the honor of this waltz?" "But I don't think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance." "O, yes, I trod on your foot about half an hour since, and I heard you say you would remember me as long as you lived."

Mrs. Nervus—"I want a good girl. Now is this girl you recommend capable?"

Agent (pityingly)—"Capable. Why, ma'am, that girl is capable of anything."

Silver purses now have round clasps made of a number of diagonal bars, which fall apart when unhinged and leave the bottom of the purse fully exposed in the hand.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York.

There is but little change in bracelets. Knife edge circlets set in precious stones, and deep fluted gold in antique forms in which diamonds, rubies and sapphires are sunk are the popular forms.

The confidence of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

Acquaint yourself with the best means of exit, both at the bottom and top of the house.

The very best way to know whether or not Doubbs Electric Soap *is as good* as it is said to be, is to *try it yourself*. It can't deceive you. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them. Ask your grocer for just one bar.

Jean Ingelow devotes all her time to helping the poor.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Use the Frazer Axle Grease, 'tis the best in the world—will wear twice as long as any other. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

The gamblers at Monte Carlo lost $18,000,000 last year.

ALBERT BURG[illegible] West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The tulip, native of the Levant, Linnæus [illegible] of Cappadocia, and is supposed [illegible] de to be the lily of the field spoken [illegible] by our Saviour.

Warm Weather

Causes That Tired Feeling. To be Strong, Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PAINLESS-------EFFECTUAL.

FOR BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and *they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine*—

Worth a Guinea a Box.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health. For

Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, &c.,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally.

B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them) *Will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price* 25 cts. a box. *Mention this paper.*

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages,

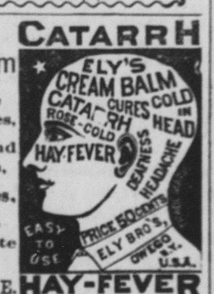
Allays Pain and Inflammation,

Heals the Sores,

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by mothers for their children while Teething, for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

A representation of the engraving on our WRAPPERS.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS E. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

It is said of the late John J. McElhone that he could report with either hand. In reporting on the floor of the House of Representatives he often shifted from his right to his left hand, or the reverse, without interrupting his speed.

HUMOROUS.

THERE WAS NO PROHIBITION HERE.—"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go. "May I call again?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she replied, with a blush.

As he walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hat-rack a reflection of the roguish girl slyly throwing kisses at him, and he turned back.

"I must have that in the original package," he whispered.

He was a Kansas young man and he got it.

DESPERATE CHANCES.—First New Yorker (to a friend)—Do you know some good life insurance company that you can recommend?

Second New Yorker—Yes, half a dozen. Any hurry about it?

First New Yorker—Yes; I want to get my life insured right away. And say, if anything should happen to me won't you look out for my family?

Second New Yorker—Goodness gracious! man, what desperate step are you about to undertake?

First New Yorker (in solemn tone)—I'm going on a steamboat excursion.

Second New Yorker—If that's so get insured before you leave; you are taking desperate chances.

THE LITTLE GEOGRAPHER—"Now, Willie," said a Washington lady to her nephew from Boston, "I wonder if you can tell me who discovered America?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Why, Willie! Don't you know that it was Columbus?"

"I beg your pardon, auntie, but you are mistaken; Columbus did not discover America. He discovered a land which was subsequently called America, but when he made his voyage there was no such place.

A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE.—Wife—Well, what do you think Johnny wants now?

Husband—I've no idea.

Wife—He wants me to tease you into buying him a new bicycle.

Husband (who has tried bicycling himself)—Nonsense; he can't have one. Tell him to go up into the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me a hundred dollars.

A JUNEBUG'S TRIALS.—Teacher—Give me the name of some quadruped that is an animal with four legs.

Tommy—A dog.

Teacher—Mention another.

Tommy—A Junebug.

Teacher—A Junebug has six legs.

Tommy—What's the matter with pulling off two of them?

MADE THE TEACHER FEEL GOOD.—Aunt—Didn't you get another thrashing in school to-day?

Johnny—Yes, indeed I did; but it didn't hurt a bit.

Did you cry?

Yes, I bellered like everything; but I only did it to humor the teacher.

It Would Give Him a Chance—Newsboy—Please, mister, will you give me 2 cents to get a night's lodging?

Minister—But 2 cents won't pay for that, my little friend.

Newsboy—No, sir. But if I had 2 cents I could pitch with the other boys and perhaps win a pile.

THEY'RE MARRIED NOW—Snooks—How are you getting on since your marriage?

Scroggins—Not as well as I expected. When she gave me her hand, a little over a year ago, I was filled with delight; but the way she gives me her hand now only makes my ears ring.

HARDLY WORTH WHILE.—A.—I hear that your daughter was married to a man in Japan.

B.—Yes, that's so.

A.—Is he well off?

B.—Not very.

A.—And what is his name?

B.—Smith.

A.—Great Scott! The idea of a woman going all the way to Japan to marry a poor man by the name of Smith.

HE MEANT IT, TOO.—A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert.

She (archly)—And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to our bachelor life again?

He (earnestly)—Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow morning!

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Avoid all confusion. Admit no one but firemen, policemen, friend or neighbor.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

In escaping from a fire creep or crawl with your face to the floor

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

Women were made before mirrors, and they have been before them ever since.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

A horse thief in Kansas is writing a book on his experience.

Ants in a Hotel Dining-Room.

"See that?" asked a waiter in the Palace hotel, holding up a dish filled with black insects.

"Caviar?" inquired a San Francisco Examiner reporter to whom the question was addressed.

"No; Ants," was the sententious reply. "This is my harvest since noon. Every other gentleman in this dining-room has collected as many more. The house is literally overrun with them, and has been for three years to my certain knowledge.

"Trying to evict these little crawlers has cost the Sharon estate $10,000, and it will cost many a thousand more before any effect will be made on these intruders. They creep in everywhere and there is no way invented to keep them out. I don't think we can get rid of them without moving the hotel. They are in lots of houses and nothing has been found that will feaze them. They are worse than flies, because poison doesn't have any effect on them, and they are worse than cockroaches, because they are smaller.

Customs of the Esquimaux.

Like the Indians, the Esquimaux often kill the old. Often the old are tired of life and beg to be dispatched. If food is scarce they are turned out to starve, whether they like it or do not. The superfluous women are also disposed of in this way. Barbarism shows itself in their treatment of the dead. The body of a favorite wife or child is sometimes protected through the winter and decently buried in the spring, but as a general rule corpses are dragged a short distance from the village and abandoned to the dogs.

The savages have no idea of the marriage relation. Women are treated as chattels. The number of wives a man may have is regulated not by his possessions, as among our Mormons, but by his ability to manage women. One infers from this that polygamy is not carried on to any great extent.

Hungarian grass or millet is the best crop to sow in the poultry yard.

WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C. PENSION ATTORNEYS of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL. 33 694

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Both-ers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. BUSTED, Atty, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. Employ the old reliable firm. J. B. CHALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

Spool Holder NEW PATENT. Saves time and trouble. An indispensable article for every household. No lady should be without it. Samples can be seen at this office.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR
CONVERTING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE
INVALID SUPPLIES and WHEEL CHAIRS
$100 STYLES BABY COACHES
Antomatic Brake on all Coaches
FREE WHEEL CHAIRS TO HIRE.
SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY.
LUBURG MFG. CO., 148 N. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Diamond Brand*, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. *Name Paper.* Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

HOME STUDY, Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSIONS Write us for new laws. Sent free. Deserters relieved. Success or no fee. 20 yrs. experience. A. W. McCormick & Sons, Washington, D. C., & Cincinnati, O.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and invigorate the system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you. Can you ask more?

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

The "Discovery" cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Strictures. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. Infallible if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS FRAUDS.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

WALL PAPER BARGAINS!

We will guarantee all these clean new goods just made, and full length—8 yards to the roll.

An 8-yd. roll White back Paper, 3 to 6c.
An 8-yd. roll Gilt Paper, 5 to 10c.
An 8-yd. roll Embossed Gilt Paper, 8 to 15c.
Gilt Borders, 4 to 18 inches wide, 2 and 3c. per yard.
Borders without Gilt, 2 to 9 inches 1c. per yard.

Send 4c. in stamps for samples of the best and greatest bargains in the country.

F. H. CADY, 305 HIGH STREET, Providence, R. I.

Mention this paper.

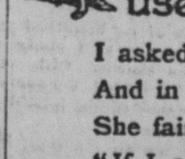
5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief Price 25 cts. ASTHMA. Sent by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

"Say aye 'No' and ye'll ne'er be married" Don't refuse all Our Advice to use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, used for cleaning purposes



I asked a maid if she would wed,
And in my home her brightness shed;
She faintly smiled and murmured low,
"If I can have SAPOLIO."

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS;—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG 28.

WHERE IS THE RACKET?

Is a question often asked by persons not acquainted in Bellefonte. Do you come via. L. & T., B. E. V., or B. R. Railroads, go up High Street about 2½ squares to the Diamond; turn to the *left*; pass 1st Nat. Bank, Montgomery's Clothing House, Erhard & Co., grocers, and next you find "The Racket," being the middle room of Crider's Exchange the largest and most noticable building in the town. If you can't find it ask the first boy you come to, they are our especial friends, they say, "There is no flies on The Racket."

And they know.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEN SPIGELMYET, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter, $1.50 per year.

——Bargains on clothing.—C. P. Long.

——100 Boy's suits from $1,10 up. C. P Long.

——George Spangler was in town, in his usual good humor, on Tuesday.

——It is always wet when it rains—this bit of philosophy can't be gainsaid.

——The grangers are busy on the fair ground getting things in readiness for Sept. 15—20.

——The pike company is anxious the boro should take the road off its hands thro the town.

——The railroad company will put down another siding at this place in a short time.

——Trains have been unusually late arriving here the last week, The delay is caused on the main line.

——Mrs. John M'Coy, of Potters Mills, was taken ill very suddenly, on last Sabbath afternoon, from heart trouble.

——Public sale of personal property of Mrs. Mary Royer, late of Gregg, on Friday, August 29, in Georges Valley.

——Some of the walks are more holey than righteous—and need looking after by the boro authorities before the picnic

——Our friend Sober last week astonished the sports and other people of Lancaster by his matchless skill in shooting.

——The Presbyterian Aid society will meet Thursday, September 4, at 2 p.m., at the home of Mrs. U. D. Osman. All are cordially invited.

——Ex-Sheriff Spangler had his farmer sow 3 bushels Fulcaster wheat, on two acres ground. The yield was 63 bushels from the two acres.

——All over, the papers of other towns are complaining of bad water and bad health. Centre Hall boasts the opposite—we have good, pure water and good health.

——Thanks to such as have responded to our letters for amounts due. There are others out yet, will they please do likewise? remember, St. Paul says "owe no man anything."

——The Reformed church steeple at Rebersburg, which was blown down by the storm several weeks ago is being rebuilt. It will be about twenty-five feet lower than the former one.

——M'Clain's new steam sawmill, at the upper end of town, went thro its first saw logs on Tuesday. Irvin Walker is the manager of the job. Centre Hall now has four steam plants. The steam grist mill, steam planing mill, steam foundry and steam sawmill. Who says we are not progressing?

——On last Friday morning Mrs. Moses Thompson of Centre Furnace, died in her 79th year of age. This lady, who has lived all her life in the county, is most widely and well known, and greatly beloved by all who knew her. Three sons and two daughters are living and of her sisters Mrs. Gregg Mrs. Roland Curtin and Mrs. Wilson Potter survive her.

——Dr. Jacobs has constructed an ice pond, at the upper edge of his premises where he expects to utilize the surplus water from the water company's works and have it frozen in winter for summer use. A good idea—the doctor seems to have an eye to the useful always, in making improvements on his premises. He sports two first-class sink holes on some of his grounds—wild, wierd and enchanting—about 90 feet in depth and 100 feet in diameter at the top, which lend variety to the other interesting points on his premises, tending to convenience and pleasure.

Pennsylvania Game Laws.

Elks and deer, October 1 to December 15; but owing to an error, it is illegal to have deer in possession after November 30. The killing of fawns when in spotted coat chasing of elks or deer with hounds; and the killing of deer when in the water prohibited. Squirrels, September 1 to January 1. Hares or rabbits November 1 to January 1. Hunting of rabbits with ferrets prohibited. Wild, turkeys, October 15 to January 1. Plovers, July 15 to January 1. Woodcocks, July 4 to January 1. Quails, November 1 to December 15. Ruffed and pinnated grouse October 1 to January 1. Rails or reed birds, September 1 to December 1. Wildfowl, September 1 to May 1. Insectivorous birds protected except English sparrows. Pigeon nestings protected against firearms to a radius of one-forth mile from roosting or breeding place, and penalty for disturbance in any manner while nesting; and snaring or netting for the purpose of killing during the nesting season prohibited. Snaring netting or catching of game birds by torchlight prohibited. Sunday hunting and shooting prohibited. Shooting of wildfowl limited to use of shoulder gun alone. Salmon and speckled trout, April 15 to July 15. Lake trout, January 1 to October 1. Black, green, yellow, willow rock, Lake Erie and grass bass, pike pickeral, and, wall-eyed pike or Susquehanna salmon June 1 to January 1.

A Brave Young Lady.

There was a bold attempt at highway robbery on Tuesday morning in which a Northumberland young lady proved herself a heroine. About half past eight o'clock as Miss Minnie Stone was driving down Market street prior to coming to Sunday she was stopped by her father who handed her a sum of money to take to the Sunbury Bank Miss Stone placed the money in her pocket and started for Sunbury. As she was coming out of the Northumberland bridge a burly tramp jumped out and grasping the bridle of her horse exclaimed, "money or your life." The young lady said she had no money and ordered the would-be robber to leave go of her horse. The tramp still persisted in asking for her money. Suddenly the young lady grasped the whip from the socket and hit the horse a powerful blow at the same time saying, "Here comes the street car." The spirited animal, which she was driving, started off at a fast gait and the tramp fearing arrest ran in an opposite direction. It is believed that the fellow had seen Mr. Stone give his daughter the money and had decided to rob her.—Sunbury Daily, Aug. 13.

The Snowshoe Cyclone.

Mr. O. M. Sheets, in a letter, dated August 20, says: We had quite a cyclone pass along the upper part of the town but did no damage until it got east of town near fountain station, it tore down an old barn on the Crider farm, and took the roof off the new barn and blew the top off the chimneys of the house and carried a piece of timber in the house breaking the organ and sewing machine but none of the family were injured. It is the first cyclone I have ever seen, I was on the hill above town, where I had a full view of it from the time it started along the pike above town until it got to the Crider buildings over two miles, it was a regular funnel shaped cloud, whirling round and going in an easterly direction. I saw it take off tops of trees and carry them up almost out of sight, it was quite a sight.

Base Ball.

On Saturday last, a game of ball was scheduled between the Pleasant Gap club and the club of this place. The Pleasant Gap team arrived about one o'clock and the boys got to work. Only one inning was played, the score stood 4 to 2 in favor of Centre Hall, and second inning was begun with Centre Hall at bat, and score was run up to 10 to 2 and no man out. when Pleasant Gap concluded to quit, went off the field crawled on their wagon and went home. Another game has been arranged between the two places for Saturday, likely to be played at this place also. The team here Saturday last was the juniors, seniors will cross bats on Saturday.

Dress Cutting School.

With Newton's improved French and tailor system of dress cutting, we teach curves that no others can, every form can be fitted with equal ease and exactness by this system. No refitting done, time not limited for those learning, instructions given until the work is thoroughly understood. Ladies are requested to call and see the work.

MARY E. THOMPSON, Spring Mills.
LIZZIE FLEMING, Lemont.
Agents and teachers.

Religious Announcements.

Services at Tusseyville next Sunday at 10 a. m. Our members will come prepared to give their contributions to Synodical purposes. This will be our last collection before going to Synod. Let every one come with a liberal offering for the Master's work. There having been but a few in attendance upon our last service, I take this method of getting the above announcement more generally known. W. E. Fischer.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

Fietta Weaver.

We think the case of this woman, now incarcerated in the penitentiary, for killing her father-in-law, Andrew Weaver, should receive some attention. Every one who heard the evidence, when the trial was had, saw that it was a clear case of self-defense, but, unfortunately for the woman, that plea was not set up, and she was found guilty under the indictment, declaring upon oath that she did not stab the old man Weaver. The verdict of guilty was found upon questionable evidence against her—and on the commonwealth's side would have proven an undoubted case of self defense resulting in her acquittal without any defense on her side. But the woman was poor and ignorant, and her natural thought was that a denial of having done the stabbing was her only plan to escape conviction, when a plea of self-defense would have resulted in her acquittal.

His honor Judge Furst, in passing sentence upon the woman, indicated clearly that in a plea of self defense Mrs. Weaver would have gone free. But Judge Furst could not do other than pass sentence upon the woman after the jury brought in its verdict of guilty under the indictment. The Judge, in his sentence told the woman that if in the future the opportunity presented itself he would interest himself in her pardon—and these remarks of Judge Furst received the commendation of all, because every impartial listener at the trial felt that his honor was only displaying his humane nature, and that it was a case in which the pardon board would have to be applied to for a remedy. Let Fietta Weaver be pardoned—she has been in the penitentiary long enough; the evidence on the side of the commonwealth established quite plainly that if she did stab Andrew Weaver, it was done purely in self-defense.

The Jury Says It Was Murder.

The coroner's jury in the case of the Italian, who was drowned in the Juniata river at this place Monday a week, rendered a verdict to the effect "that Antonia Valentine came to his death, from the evidence adduced, by foul means, and that John Cornnalla (an Italian) and William Hazlett (colored) were the parties who committed the felony and murder." These parties were missing the same day the body was found yet they were seen in company with the deceased late on Saturday night previous to his death. At present no trace is known of their whereabouts, but it is hoped they will be overtaken and brought to justice of guilty of the crime charged to them.—Lewistown *Free Press*

Soldiers Reunion.

The Veteran Club of Centre county will hold its annual Reunion and basket picnic at Philipsburg, Pa., on Saturday, September 6. D. F. Fortney, esq will deliver the annual address, Gov. James A. Beaver, Hon. James Kerr, M. C., of Washington, D. C., Ex-war Governor A. G. Curtin, Major R. W. M'Clanghry, of Huntingdon, Pa., and other eminent speakers will be present and address the meeting. This is expected to be the largest and best picnic and reunion the club has yet held, a cordial welcome is extended to the entire community. See large posters for low excursion rates.

H. H. BENNER, Secretary.

Clinton County Democrats.

The Clinton county Democratic Convention held in Lock Haven on Tuesday was attended by a full representation from every district in the county. J. W. Merrey presided. The following nominations were made: Congress, M. F. Elliott, of Tioga county; State Senator, T. C. Hipplee, of Lock Haven; Assembly, J. C. Quiggle; Prothonotary, John F. Brown; Sheriff, W. M. Everhart; County Treasurer, S. Woods Caldwell; Associate Judge, James W. Clark; District Attorney, A. W. Brugard; County Commissioners, H. Kleckner and John Brosius; County Auditors, W. F. Moyer and H. A. L. Bridgens.

Snow Storm in August.

Saturday morning there was a quarter of an inch of snow on the awnings of the stores in the business part of Milton. The early freight trains on both Philadelphia and Erie and the Philadelphia and Reading roads were covered with about a half an inch of the white article. At Easton Carrier Buss, who drives the mail between Easton and Saucon, says that morning while passing through Lower Saucon on his way to Easton a snow squall prevailed for five or ten minutes, the flakes falling thick and fast.

Silver Wedding.

On Tuesday next, September 1, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Yarger, living near upper end of town, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their home, at one o'clock.

——*Stamped Pillow Shams, only 18 cents per pair. Our own work, pretty designs and good Hill Brand muslin. Complete and varied assortment of endless pretty things for fancy work. We do stamping and pinking, also art needle work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a call.*

STREHLE'S MILLINERY,
Brockerhoff Block, Bellefonte.

—— Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch always leads.

Personal.

—Miss Hosterman, of Centre Hill, is visiting at Altoona.

—C. R. Kurtz, of Bellefonte *Democrat*, spent Sunday at home.

—Walter Kurtz returned home last week after a four weeks' visit in Berlin.

—Mr. Samuel Faust was in town on Monday morning with a string of buggies.

—Misses Mame Meyer and Verna Geiss are visiting at Rebersberg and vicinity.

—W. Atwood Clees departed for his home, Montandon, Monday, after a few days visit in this place as guest of T, M. Osman.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Bushman left on Monday for Gettysburg, where they will spend some time with Mr. Bushman's parents.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Love, who has been spending the last six months with her son, at Manhatten, Ill, returned home Wedesnday.

—Miss Beulah Strohm, of Centre Hill, left Tuesday for Washington, where she will spend some time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bayard.

—Miss Birdie Noll, of Bellefonte, a pretty young lady, spent a week or two in Centre Hall, as the guest of Miss Lulu Camp. She returned home on Saturday evening.

Local Briefs

——The corn is looking fair.

—— Will Runkle has his big stable up

——90 Men's suits from $4,00 up. C. P. Long.

——Henry Fry has located at Sprucetown, where he will continue to canvass for books.

——Penns valley Bargain Store, for Clothing, Boots and Shoes &c., &c. C. P. Long.

——The water is being piped to the picnic ground, Mr. Danberman has the work in charge.

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 20 cents cash. Reader, can't you send us a few names?

——Col. Victor E. Piolett, the noted and famous granger and politician, died on Wednesday morning.

——Overcoats have been worn the last few days, and the fiend who asks "if it is warm enough for you" is not heard.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——The elegant new shoe store, of M Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all age and sexes.

——On Tuesday morning Mrs. James Alexander died of Bellefonte after a lingering illness of many weeks. She will be buried on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——The Middleburg Post says, Rev. I. P. Neff, of Blair, Pa., will preach a trial sermon before the Lutheran congregation in Middleburg on Sunday evening August 24th, and at Hassingers' in the forenoon of the same day. Rev. Neff is a native of Centre Hall.

——Lewins is piling up spring clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfectfits guaranteed.

——The showers last Thursday and Friday were very welcome and will help the late corn and potatoes some; springs were not affected to any extent, and dry ground was still turned up by the plowman. Tuesday evening of this week a heavy rain set in which soaked the ground, but it will take a rain of several days to fill the earth's reservoirs.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods, which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

——On Friday afternoon Mrs. William Marshman, of Granville township, near Lewistown, attempted to start a fire with coal oil, using oil from a glass vessel for the purpose The result was as usual. The oil ignited her clothing and she was burned to a crisp from her feet to her waist and cannot possibly recover. The victim is aged about 20 years and has one child and a husband.

——Oil City has a woman who is the mother of five children. Besides looking after her offspring she does washing for her neighbors and milks the cow. Her husband after his labor is done in the evening, returns home and lays the foundation wall for his house with the stone his wife has collected and carried in her arms from the adjacent hills during the day. She also prepares and mixes the mortar he uses in laying the wall. That family deserves to get on in the world.

Commonwealth vs. D. C. Lingle for assault and battery on Green Decker at Penns Valley campmeeting a couple Sundays ago. Plead guilty and entered into a $200 bond of recognizance to keep the peace toward Greene Decker.

Spring Mills.

Mrs. Rose Dewoody, of Houtsdale, visited friends here the beginning of the week.

Miss Maggie Bibby, of Montand on, is visiting her many friends here.

Mr. Emery Hoy, of Philadelphia, stopped off here last Thursday evening to see his friend Miss Susie Leitzell,

J. H. Taylor and family moved to Brushvalley on Tuesday.

Mr. Will Finkle and Miss Kate M'Cool took in the festival at Tusseyville last Saturday evening

G. H. Krise and J. H. Minnich spent last Saturday evening at Millheim.

Mr. S. A. Woods spent last week among friends at Boalsburg.

Centre Hall Enterprise.

The well known and popular druggist J. D Murray has taken the agency for Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator, which he recommends for the quick cure of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and all Blood Troubles. Trial bottles free.

It is a well known fact that Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has cured Consumption and Chronic Coughs and Colds when all else failed. Prise 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

Married.

WHITE—FOSTER.—On the 20, at State College, by Rev Robert Hamill D. D., William F. White, of Omaha, Nebraska, and Miss Helen G. B. daughter of John S. Foster, of State College.

BURRELL—HORNER.—On the 26, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Spear G Burrell and Susan R. Horner, both of Penn Hall, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The REPORTER one year, the Weekly World three months, and a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, bound in calf or half morocco, all for $4,20.

Don't miss this grand offer.

Scribner's Magazine for September contains the first of three articles on our New Navy—the results of the voyage which R. F. Zogbaum, the artist and writer, recently made on the flagship of the "White Squadroon," expressly for this magazine; Donald G. Mitchell's very richly illustrated paper on "The Country House," which is written in his most charming style, and is full of his love for rural life; Thomas Stevens's discussion of the commercial importance and relations of the River and Lake Systems of Africa—the fruit of his journey to meet Stanley; a description of Heligoland (recently ceded by Great Britain to Germany), by one who has visited that picturesque island: one of several papers by Professor N. S. Shaler (author of "The Aspect of the Earth")—describing the effects which physical conditions have had on the character of the populations of various States; another clear and valuable contribution, by an eminent Chicago lawyer, to the series on "The Rights of the Citizen," and fiction, poems, and essays with a clever number of "The Point of View." The illustrations represent the best work of skilful artists and engravers.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE—PURSUant to an order of the Court of Centre Co. there will be exposed at Public sale, on

o——o FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890 o——o

At 1 o'clock, on the premises, about 3 miles south east of Linden Hall R. R. station and 4 miles south-west of Centre Hall, the fine farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd., late of Potter Twp., Centre Co., bounded on the east by lands of John and Jacob Wagner and John Spangler, on the west by John Bitner, on the north by Josiah Neff's heirs, on the south by Tussey Mountain, containing

)——(199 ACRES AND 81 PERCHES. (——(

about 150 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Rock oak and Chestnut. The buildings consist of a good 2 story

)—(FRAME HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN,)—(

painted, good wash-house. Commodious wagon shed with corn crib, good pig pen, and all necessary out buildings, Running water at house, barn and in wash-house, and a never failing well near the house. Also a good orchard with all kinds of choice fruits. The farm is desirable one the public road leading by the buildings.

TERMS.—⅓ the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale. ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Deferred payments to bear interest from date of confirmation of sale.

W. W. SPANGLER,
Potters Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS TWO SEATED carriage, just out of the shop, price $145,00. Also a very fine driving horse, only 5 years old. Works single or double, a very good family horse; any woman can drive him. Call on or address.

E. H. AUMAN,
Coburn, Pa.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, at Ruhl's Hotel, Spring Mills, on

o——o FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1890, o——o

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the following real estate of David Reese, dec'd., late of Gregg township, bounded formerly by other lands of said David Reese, dec'd., and by lands of John B. Reese, Sarah Reese, and lands late of Robert Cook and now of John Kerns, containing

)——(40 ACRES,)——(

more or less. One-half of which is cleared. Thereon is erected a good

—— DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, ——

and all necessary outbuildings.

TERMS.—⅓ cash on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHELL,
Trustee.

:o:

DON'T fail to come to the opening of the new Opera House, to see Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett," Sept. 11th, and "Nordeck," Sept. 12. The chance of a life time to see the great actor.

In dress goods, late arrivals, serges and henriettas in electro blue, heliotropes, brown, old rose, greens and blacks.

New striped flannels. Our stock of plain red and white flannels never was as complete as now. Two pieces of handsomely embroidered flannel.

A regular 10c black stocking for ladies for 5c a pair.

More of those heavy 6c. gingham. 5c. a yard for a good yellow muslin.

The heaviest, finest and best napped Canton flannel for 10c. per yard in the world.

Silk velvet ordered in heliotrope, cardinal, garnet, green and all the late shades.

1½ yd. wide navy blue, black and cardinal cloth, 50c.

½ wool, 1½ yds. wide tricot in two colors, at 28c. Examine them.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:o:

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct3ly

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John Wagner, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

S. J. WAGNER,
W. A. WAGNER,
14 Aug. 6t Admr's Tusseyville

Produce at Stores.

Butter	16
Eggs	16
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	75

SALESMEN WANTED
—AT ONCE.—

To sell our Choice Nursery Stock. Salary or commission and steady work for earnest workers.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1840. 14aug3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Mary Royer, dec'd., late of Gregg twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN EMERICK, Centre Hall,
DAVID KRAPE, Aaronsburg,
7 Aug. 6t Executors.

New Furniture Store!

New goods. Low prices. All goods delivered free. We invite you to come and see our new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. We keey everything usually kept in a first-class furniture store.

UNDERTAKING.

The highest method of preparing the dead has been attained and my course in this branch has been completed. My hearse and horses are among the finest in the state. Carry in stock a complete line, from the cheapest coffins to the finest caskets, and burial robes, etc., and I guarantee that my prices are the lowest in the county. No extra charge for embalming or distance.

W. R. Camp, · Centre Hall.